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THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.

If the three Imperial Courts had proposed to mediate between the Porte and its revolted subjects, the insurrection in Herzegovina would have assumed an importance out of all proportion to its actual dimensions. It was scarcely credible that such an offer should have been accepted, especially as the Turkish Government is exerting itself to send large reinforcements into the disturbed districts. The consistent hostility of a powerful journal to Turkey has apparently taught it to misconstrue the statements of its own informants. It appears from the *Times* correspondence that the Austrian Government, representing in this instance the three allied Powers, has caused the insurgents to be informed that they are to expect no assistance from Servia or Montenegro, and has recommended the Porte to send into the revolted districts, simultaneously with its military operations, a Civil Commissioner empowered to make just and necessary concessions. The success or continuance of the insurrection would probably be almost as distasteful to the Austrian Government as to the Porte itself. Negotiations unsupported by adequate force would be only regarded as proofs of weakness. The official reports from Constantinople are perhaps only one degree more credible than statements which bear evident marks of sympathy with the insurgents. It was satisfactory to find that the bloodthirsty proclamation attributed to the Turkish Governor of the province was pious forgery of some Slavonic newsmonger. Accounts of the successes and preparations of the insurgent leaders must be received with distrust, though not necessarily with absolute disbelief. If it is true that DERVISH PASHA is at the head of 18,000 men, he ought to be able to overcome resistance. It may be collected from a comparison of reports that the siege of Trebinje was raised in order that the investing force might oppose the advance of the detachment which had been disembarked at Kleck. According to some Vienna journals, the passes which intervened between the coast and the plain of Herzegovina were capable of being defended by a small body against superior forces. It was also alleged that the insurgents occupied an impregnable position by which they intercepted the communications with Bosnia. There are few passes which cannot be forced or turned; and it has been stated that the troops both from Kleck and from Bosnia have effected their junction with the main army. If DERVISH PASHA has only to deal with the original insurgents he will probably soon suppress the revolt; but it is said that the rising has extended to Bosnia, of which, indeed, Herzegovina properly forms a part. It is probable that any grievances which affect the Western population are equally felt in both parts of the province. If the insurrection spreads throughout Bosnia the malcontents will have the opportunity of receiving aid from Servia, where the warlike party appears at present to have the upper hand. The most unusual circumstance connected with the rising is the alleged reconciliation of the Orthodox with the Catholic population. In those regions the Christian sects have generally not even allowed a common enmity to interfere with their mutual hatred.

If Servia and Montenegro were to remain neutral, it is doubtful whether the intervention of the regular army would be necessary to secure the final defeat of the insurgents. Although the Turks are in some provinces an alien and dominant minority among an indigenous Christian population, the Mahometans of Bosnia are of the same race

and language with the Christians, and they are nearly equal to them in number. The movement which is an insurrection as far as the Government is concerned ought rather to be regarded as a civil war. The withdrawal of the Turkish forces would leave the Christians and Mahometans face to face, pitted against one another in an internecine conflict. Civil wars are sufficiently disastrous when, as in Spain, or recently in the United States, different provinces belonging to the same political community engage in deadly quarrel. The evil is far greater when two hostile sections are intermixed with one another in the same district. The Mahometan population, which is essentially military in its character, will not submit to expulsion or extermination without desperate resistance. The Servians have never been troubled with an admixture of Mahometan residents, though some of their fortresses were until lately occupied by Turkish garrisons. In the Danubian Principalities, from the time of the original conquest, the inhabitants were exempt from the intrusion of Mahometans. It is only in the North-West provinces that the Turks were sufficiently adroit or fortunate to convert the local aristocracy. When the Servians or the Slavonic subjects of Austria profess sympathy with the oppressed Bosnians, their good-will never includes the Mahometan landowners and townsmen. As long as the province is nearly equally divided between the two religions, peace can only be preserved by some external power. If the question were open, Bosnia and Herzegovina would perhaps be more impartially governed by Austria than by Turkey; but the sovereignty of the Porte is preferable to a struggle for supremacy or for existence between the adherents of the hostile creeds. If the Mahometans were finally overpowered, they would probably, as far as possible, remove their residence into provinces still retained by the Porte. The migration of the Tartars from the Crimea into European Turkey is an illustration of the antagonism between Mahometan subjects and a Christian Government. Projectors of schemes for the regeneration of the East generally forget the necessity of disposing of the Turks and their co-religionists.

The suppression of the insurrection, which seems on the whole the more probable event, would furnish the three Powers with an opportunity of recommending a conciliatory and humane policy which would be in accordance with the modern practice of the Turkish Government. With the exception of Russia, none of the allies has any motive for promoting the separation of the disturbed provinces from the Empire. If Bosnia and Herzegovina were to succeed in throwing off their allegiance to the Porte, it would be absurd for them to constitute themselves into an independent State. The remaining alternatives would be subjection to Austria or annexation to Servia, including perhaps Montenegro. Germany has no concern with the question except to gratify allies whose support may possibly be useful in relation to the politics of Western Europe. To Austria the acquisition of a new dominion occupied by Mahometans and Slavonic Christians would be a heavy and unwelcome burden. It is not desirable to provide additional leverage for Russian intrigues, which have perhaps been only temporarily suspended. A still stronger objection would be felt to the creation on the borders of Austria of a Slavonic State which might, perhaps become, like Montenegro, a mere dependency of Russia. The German population of Austria has experienced the difficulty of dealing with the Czechs of Bohemia; and

the Hungarians know that the dominant race forms but a minority of the population of the kingdom. The Chancellor of Austro-Hungary, himself a Magyar, is probably but little disposed to encourage a Slavonic Confederation. If Turkish statesmen possess any part of the diplomatic sagacity for which their predecessors were celebrated, they will appreciate the reasons which must prevent the allies from affording decided support to the insurgents. It is not difficult to conjecture the nature of the counsels which may have been tendered by the English Government. Lord DERBY may probably have profited by the occasion to urge on the Porte the practical toleration and impartiality which have long been adopted into Turkish legislation. It is odd that the special grievances which may have formed the pretext or cause of the insurrection have never been publicly stated. The time of the outbreak may perhaps have been determined by casual circumstances, such as the weakness of the regular force in the province, or the absence or negligence of the Governor. It is not improbable that the ingenious authors of the supposed proclamation of Dervish PASHA may have circulated similar statements among a credulous and irritable population. It may be inferred from the apparent apathy of the Mahometans in the province that the insurrection was unexpected. When they are once aroused, they are not likely to acquiesce tamely in the abolition of their supremacy.

Political theorists who have for many years incessantly announced the impending disruption of the Turkish Empire naturally regard every provincial disturbance which may from time to time occur as a beginning of the fulfilment of their predictions. There is a certain levity in recommendations to the Turkish Government to constitute Bosnia and Herzegovina into one or more tributary principalities because an insurrection three weeks old has not yet been suppressed. The precedents of Servia, where there was only a Turkish Governor, and of the Danubian Principalities, from which the Turks were by ancient conventions excluded, are entirely inapplicable to provinces of which the population is nearly equally divided between the two religions. The non-interference of the Porte in the internal affairs of Bosnia would be immediately followed by a civil war, in which the Christians would probably be worsted unless they received aid from their neighbours of the same religion. The distinction of race between the Turks and the Slavonic Mahometans may in political calculations be disregarded. In practice, as in theory, all Mussulmans are equal; nor have ethnological differences at any time been recognized by the professors of Islam. Turks, Bosnians, and Slavonians of the Mahometan faith are all faithful subjects of the SULTAN; and it may be added that they are all soldiers by birth and by habit. Even if, in accordance with the hasty suggestions of journalists, the Mahometans of Bosnia and Herzegovina could be summarily banished or exterminated, the addition of one or two half-civilized States to the outlying dependencies of Turkey would only create fresh complications. The present restlessness of Servia indicates a desire to form by conquest or alliance a union with the adjacent provinces. Even with that addition, the proposed State would contain a population of less than two millions, and it could only secure the object of independence by further encroachments on the Turkish dominions. It is not the business of England to protect Turkey against rebellions which the Porte will probably be always able to suppress; but there is no reason for departing from the established policy of discountenancing foreign intrigues which tend to the indefinite prolongation of anarchy. Notwithstanding temporary combinations, the interests of England and Austria in Turkish questions are now, as formerly, identical.

HOW ACTS OF PARLIAMENT ARE MADE.

THE evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the improvement of the manner and language of current legislation has been published in a Blue-book which is very well worth studying. The witnesses who were examined were eminent and competent; they knew the subject, and had for the most part decided opinions, which they were willing to express. Perhaps the chief interest of the evidence given lies in the greatness of the difficulties which it suggests attend the making of Acts of Parliament. It is very difficult to draw an Act of

Parliament so as to make it clear, compact, and intelligible; it is still harder to get it passed so that, in being passed, it shall not lose some of its virtues. We must always take into account that there are two standing obstacles in the way of good current legislation. In the first place, the legislator can scarcely ever start afresh. He must to a certain extent be going over old ground. There is a mass of existing law on the subject, and it is nearly always a very confused mass. If the work had but been well done up to the point at which the legislator proposes to begin, he would start with a light heart and a clear field. But he is generally only going to add one more Act to a series of Acts passed at different epochs, expressed in obscure language, and themselves in their day the victims of the difficulties of legislation. The first point that arises, therefore, in considering the improvement of current legislation is the possibility of putting existing legislation into a coherent shape. But this is a question full of thorns, and provocative of an endless diversity of opinions. Sir HENRY THRING, for example, believes in the consolidation of the law, and thinks it ought to be an aim persistently carried out by successive Governments. Mr. LOWE disbelieves in it, and thinks it a mistake. Every one concedes that the practical difficulties are enormous. Consolidation inevitably glides into new legislation. To express a thing better than it is expressed already is to express it differently, and Parliament is too jealous of its prerogative to allow improvements to be made without criticism. And for criticism of Consolidation Acts there is no time. Current legislation absorbs sufficiently the scanty moments at the disposal of the Government. Something may be done, especially where the need of consolidation is the least, where the Acts to be consolidated are few and comparatively clear, and the subject is one that excites no public interest. But all the witnesses spoke in a tone of utter hopelessness as to consolidation being practicable where consolidation is most wanted. The Church Building Acts, for example, are in such a state of hopeless confusion that no human being ever pretends to understand them; but to consolidate and make them clear would force a Minister to tread on dangerous ground, and every religious sect or party would be up in arms lest it should be losing, or its rivals gaining, something by the law in its new shape. Then, again, Bills may be altered or spoilt by amendments, or there may be obscurities and even blunders which have escaped the notice both of the draftsman and of the Minister for whom he is working. It was natural, therefore, that every witness should be asked in turn whether he could not suggest some scheme by which Bills might be revised and put into a decent shape before they were passed. The suggestions were many. Some witnesses thought that the House of Commons might have a revising official of its own. Others thought that there should be a revising official, but that he should be the servant of the Government, who should employ one man to draw the Bill and another to revise it and keep it right in its various stages of progress. Mr. LOWE thought that the best thing was that the House of Lords should do its duty, and spend the requisite trouble and be furnished with the necessary machinery to supervise the Bills sent up from the Commons and put them in proper shape. Gradually, as the evidence of one witness after another is gone through, there comes over the mind of the reader the same feeling of hopelessness which was suggested by the discussion on consolidation. Revising Bills means delaying their progress, and the Ministry and Parliament cannot afford to have the progress of the main Bills of the Session delayed. It is only just possible to pass them unrevised; the country expects many Bills to be passed, and the country is not to be disappointed.

But we may go further back than this when we trace the difficulties of drawing Acts of Parliament. We may begin at the beginning, and ask how are Acts of Parliament to be drawn? For example, is the language used to be popular or technical? Most people would say that it ought to be popular, and they may have the comfort of knowing that Sir HENRY THRING is strongly on their side; and as most Acts of Parliament of any importance are drawn by Sir HENRY THRING, they have already got what they wish for, and enjoy, probably without knowing it, the pleasure of living in days when Acts are couched in popular language. But the opinions on the other side are very strong. Vice-Chancellor HALL, for example, says that Acts of Parliament have to be construed and dealt with by Judges; and invariably the result of using words

in a popular sense will only lead to this, that it is necessary to have a judicial interpretation of what is the popular sense. Such a word perhaps as "owner" is used, and common people think they know what an "owner" means. That is not at all the view of the VICE-CHANCELLOR. "Owner," he thinks, would be a very difficult word to construe; it would be necessary to look through all the previous Acts bearing on the subject, and to consider "who could have been intended to be described "and designated by the term owner." This is not encouraging to persons who may have been delighted with a word they thought so intelligible, and who innocently believed it to be as easy to interpret "owner" as to interpret beef or mutton. But why do most people say that Acts should be couched in popular language? It is because they take for granted that laws are to be understood by those whom they bind. This, in the eyes of many of the most eminent witnesses, is a pure assumption. They scout the notion that Acts of Parliament are to be so expressed that those who are bound by them may understand them. This is, in their view, simply impossible. The MASTER of the ROLLS goes so far as to say that even practising lawyers who are called on to advise as to the meaning of Acts cannot, if unaided, understand them. They must have text-book writers to help them. Some one must make an Act or a group of Acts a special study, must analyse them, rearrange them, and put an index and notes to them. Then the practising lawyers can begin to grapple with them, and can get up arguments as to the possible meaning of the Acts; and then the Judges, enlightened by hearing arguments on both sides, can decide what the meaning is. In one solitary instance a set of uninformed persons have really tried to understand the Act specially affecting them. These are the London cabmen, as Mr. REILLY informs us; and they, he thinks, probably arrive at some fairly correct conclusions. But to do even thus much the cabman has to work hard. He must go through a considerable amount of research. He must study not only the Cab Act, but also the Metropolitan Police Act. But then Mr. REILLY thinks that cabmen are quite exceptional people. They are intelligent, and they have abundance of time. A cabman waiting for a fare has an extraordinary quantity of leisure, such as is denied to other men. For the rest of the public it is vain to think of trying to make Acts of Parliament intelligible. They must be content to wait for the exposition of Judges, who must wait for the arguments of counsel, who must again wait for the expositions of text-book writers. It is these last who really put life into the inert mass of an Act; and sometimes unfortunately they kill the Act they are trying to vivify. Lord ST. LEONARDS drew and got passed an Act for the Relief of Trustees. A commentator seized on the Act, and examined it, and commented on it, and showed so conclusively how very difficult it would be to put it in operation that no one ventured to make any use of it, and it became a dead letter. Thus an Act drawn by an ex-Chancellor was snuffed out at once by a commentator, and never reached lawyers, Judges, or the public at all.

But it may be asked whether the difficulty of interpreting Acts of Parliament is not somewhat exaggerated. Judges often criticise very severely the language of Acts which they are called on to construe, and perhaps this criticism may be a little too severe. The MASTER of the ROLLS confessed that, now he is a Judge, he can generally put a meaning upon any clause of any Act of Parliament. When he was at the Bar he felt very differently, and was often puzzled to guess what he should advise was the meaning of an Act; but that was because he had to guess what a Judge would think to be the meaning, and he could not read the secrets of another man's mind. There are, indeed, certain rules of construction by which statutes are supposed to be interpreted; but, as Mr. Lowe said, there are generally two rules, one of which will fit one side of the argument and one the other, and the doubt is which rule the Judge will take. That somehow a meaning can be given to Acts of Parliament, and is given without any very great difficulty, was stated by Mr. Justice ARCHIBALD as confidently as by the MASTER of the ROLLS. But some of the witnesses thought that the Judges, while owning that Acts can be interpreted, were somehow prone to spoil the operation of an Act by a narrowness of view and an indisposition to construe it liberally. Mr. LOWE, who in office took very great pains with

the framing of the Bills belonging to his department, and Sir HENRY THRING, who naturally desires that the creations of his skill should be handsomely treated, both complained of the tendency of Judges to cut down the force of Acts of Parliament, and to treat them in too literal and cramped a manner. It is the spirit of the Act that, according to their view, Judges ought to catch; they should see what the Legislature meant, and strive to give effect to the intention of Parliament. To adopt an expressive metaphor used in the course of the evidence, Judges should study an Act until they scent its peculiar aroma. They ought to go fondly through its clauses as through a garden of roses, and then they will do justice to it. The Judges who were examined, and more especially the MASTER of the ROLLS, would not accept this poetical view of their functions. They were quite willing to allow that the Judges ought to look through the whole Act in order to see the bearing of any particular clause. But this, they affirmed, is precisely what Judges always do, and they generally find themselves much helped in doing it by the arguments of opposing counsel, who take them well up and down through the Act before they have done. But if it was meant that a Judge should guess the general intentions of Parliament, and put into the Act what he did not find there in order to carry these intentions out, the MASTER of the ROLLS discarded such a notion altogether. He entirely objected to a Judge "deciding according to his notions of natural justice." In former times Judges did give a very liberal interpretation to statutes; but modern Judges shrink from the responsibility; and the reasons for their so shrinking will appear very strong to those who are aware of the extraordinary and embarrassing latitude of interpretation which Judges used formerly to think they might adopt. Parliament may rely on the Judges giving some meaning to statutes, but it cannot rely on the Judges curing the imperfections of legislation by straying beyond the terms of Acts. Here, again, we get no further than that Parliament and the draftsman, being left without the aid of Judges to supplement their work, find the framing of statutes a very difficult task. This, indeed, is all that the evidence collected in the Blue-book tends to show; but it is something to begin with, that the difficulties attending any subject should be thoroughly explained and realized.

THE RISE OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

A WRITER in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. JULIAN KLACZKO, has lately given an elaborate sketch of the history of Prince BISMARCK from his accession to office in September 1862 to the triumph of his policy at Sadowa. M. KLACZKO does not pretend to be an impartial writer. He has set himself to say all against Prince BISMARCK that he can find to say, and he says it. He thinks everything Prince BISMARCK does very clever, but very wicked. He does not hesitate to interrupt his narrative with a long digression on a photograph in which Prince BISMARCK was depicted by the side of a *prima donna*. He is in that stage of wit in which he finds it humorous to call Lord RUSSELL *le bon Johnny*. His political opinions appear to be substantially those of the late Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON. He regrets everything, and considers everything a mistake. The slightest change in the existing order of things stings him into moral remarks. But he has collected many materials, many of which need verification, but many of which also are collected from public documents. He tells most readers enough to remind them of passages in Prince BISMARCK's career which the rapid progress of more recent events has effaced from their memory. These reminders of the stories of great contemporaries are never without interest, and M. KLACZKO strings his different topics together with a definite purpose and aim. His main theme is the adroitness with which Prince BISMARCK invented and used the alliance with Russia. This has been the prop on which he has leaned in his audacious enterprises, and it is a prop which has never betrayed him. The alliance of Russia with Prussia dates from 1863, when Prussia alone of the Great Powers gave satisfaction to the Court of St. Petersburg during the crisis of the Polish insurrection. Prince BISMARCK had previously been on terms of intimacy with Prince GORTCHAKOFF when they were both stationed at Frankfort, and this early connexion was made the foundation of a cordial intimacy when

fortune gave Prince BISMARCK a chance of determining the relations of Prussia to foreign Powers. Up to that time Russia had, since the close of the Crimean war, leaned chiefly to France. But France had joined England in countenancing the Polish insurrection, and Austria had gone still further, and by her action in Galicia had seriously contributed to the anxieties, if not to the dangers, of Russia. At first, as M. KLACZKO informs us, Prince BISMARCK had some doubts as to the power of Russia to put down the insurgents, and had even dreamt that, by offering to mediate on behalf of the Poles, he might push forward the Prussian frontier to the Vistula. But he soon made up his mind that his best chances lay in another direction. He restrained Lord RUSSELL from diplomatic attacks which might have easily led to a general war. He shone forth as the only trustworthy friend of the Czar; and when the insurrection was finally subdued, Prince GORTCHAKOFF, alienated from France, England, and Austria, was ready to regard with indifference or placidity whatever its one ally might think fit to do.

Having made himself sure of the support of Russia, Prince BISMARCK set himself to cajole France into letting him deal singlehanded with Austria. Immediately after the suppression of the Polish insurrection came the Danish war. The Emperor NAPOLEON was as little pleased with the issue of that war as he had been with that of the Polish insurrection. It was beginning to be seen that he was not the arbiter of Europe. He had let his wishes be known, and no one had regarded them; he had summoned a European Congress, and no one had listened to his summons. He wanted to do something or to cause something to be done which should do more credit to his policy, dazzle France and the world, and make him once more seem to have the keys of Europe in his hands. Prince BISMARCK managed to persuade him that the road to distinction lay in encouraging the ambition of Prussia and Italy. It is not to be supposed that the EMPEROR dreamt that Prussia would ever grow into a giant strong enough to alarm France. He imagined that he might create a moderately strong Power in North Germany, which would feel eternally grateful to him for allowing it to come into existence, and would keep Austria and Russia in check. He disagreed with M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, who shrank from any further pursuit of a policy of mere adventure, made M. DE LA VALETTE a Minister, and sent M. BENEDETTI, of unhappy memory, to deal personally with Prince BISMARCK. The best and most interesting part of M. KLACZKO's sketch is that which deals with the inner history of the French Court. He is capable of doing justice to every one except Prince BISMARCK. He thinks the EMPEROR and his advisers were very silly, for they were dancing after a phantom in order to let an enemy gain a triumph over them. But he allows that their folly had its generous side. M. ROUBER and Prince NAPOLEON were among those who fostered the new views of the EMPEROR; and M. KLACZKO recognizes that, speaking generally, the advisers of the EMPEROR thought that they were doing not only a clever but a rather noble thing in treating Prussia as a Power sufficiently civilized to deserve to be the associate of France in her efforts in the cause of humanity. It was, however, of Italy that the EMPEROR chiefly thought, and he longed to give Venice to Italy, both to show that he could do it, and also to gratify the generous feeling which made him above all things desire to be known as the deliverer of Italy. The success of Prince BISMARCK's foreign policy was based mainly of course on his own audacity and ability; but he had the good fortune to have offered him two pieces of extraordinary luck—the possibility of being the one friend of Russia, and the possibility of concentrating the attention of the Emperor NAPOLEON on schemes for the benefit of Italy. The early months of 1864 witnessed the Danish war, and convinced Prince BISMARCK that he might do many novel and high-handed things without provoking the censure of a Power once so conservative and dictatorial in its conservatism as Russia. In the autumn of 1864 Prince BISMARCK went to France, and saw what use was to be made of Italy. He began at once to show how bold he could be, threw over the puppet Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, ignored the German Diet, and by the convention of Gastein in 1865 forced Austria to commit herself by sharing the plunder of the Danish war, and yet to put up with a very disproportionate amount of what was gained.

Soon after the convention of Gastein was concluded, Prince BISMARCK went again to France, and this time his

visit was that famous visit to Biarritz which forms so remarkable an event in the annals of modern diplomacy. The EMPEROR listened to the counsels both of those who supported the schemes of Italy and Prussia and of those who discountenanced them. He also listened with his usual abstracted silence to the vehement arguments and protestations of Prince BISMARCK, whom he thought a little out of his senses—an opinion shared by the astute BENEDETTI. To think that Prussia could have a chance of beating Austria in a fair fight seemed to the French Court a sign of insanity. At last the EMPEROR terminated his vacillations by a policy of his own. He thought he would let Prussia and Austria fight, and then impose his terms on the conqueror. In all probability Austria would win; but Austria might be willing to give up Venice in exchange for Silesia, and some arrangement might be made for bettering the position of Prussia in Germany. If conquered, Prussia gained in the long run through the protection of France, she would be a grateful and useful ally, and at the same time the EMPEROR's dream of a united Italy might be realized. The upshot of these confused negotiations was the treaty made between Italy and Prussia in the April of 1866; and Prince BISMARCK was then ready to play what he himself felt to be one of the boldest and most hazardous strokes ever played. It was impossible for him, even had he been the most sanguine of dreamers, to imagine that he would join the Prussian army on the 30th of June, and that on the 3rd of July a single great battle would lay Austria in the dust. Before, however, he could get the opportunity of finally tempting fortune, Prince BISMARCK had a series of enormous difficulties to encounter. The KING did not like the proposed war. He thought it wrong, and Prince BISMARCK had to take infinite pains to make him understand that it was right. The Prussians themselves shrank from the war. They had tasted the sweets of unbroken peace for half a century; they had been too long accustomed to the preponderance of Austria in Germany to resent it, and they could not believe that they were likely to win. Not only were the favourable conditions under which the war was fought, with Russia and France for different reasons standing aloof, due exclusively to Prince BISMARCK, but the war itself was due to him. He made Prussia fight. He dared when no one else dared. He saw the risk, and was willing to encounter it; while every one else in Europe hesitated, he did not hesitate for a moment. It is not often that the influence of one man tells so decisively on the course of history. Prince BISMARCK has made Germany great and united, contrary to all its expectations and to many of its wishes. Gratitude for this is the debt he made his country owe him, and it must be owned that it is a debt which his country fully recognizes and does its best to satisfy. In accomplishing his task he did many deceitful, many high-handed, many unjust things; but when the part played by his antagonists is studied, the main difference seems to be that, while they schemed and lost, he schemed and won.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Nearly all the English Railway Companies have now published their half-yearly reports and held their meetings, with the result of causing disappointment to their shareholders, but not of justifying despondency. Increased traffic, and a large reduction in the price of coal and iron have been followed on the average by stationary dividends. The Brighton and Metropolitan lines show an exceptional improvement of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The almost nominal dividend of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company has advanced from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. The Great Northern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the London and South-Western are stationary. The London and North-Western loses $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Bristol and Exeter $1\frac{1}{2}$. The Great Western, in consequence of the strike in South Wales, has reduced its dividend from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$. The same cause brought down the Taff Vale dividend from 10 per cent. to 5, and the Monmouthshire from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The better fortune of the Great Western illustrates the advantage of a large mileage extending through many districts. Railway proprietors may find some consolation in the reflection that every branch of industry has been depressed during the course of the year. The natural expansion of traffic may therefore be regarded as permanent, with a certainty that it will be largely accelerated by any future revival of trade. The same facts

prove that if traffic should hereafter lose the elasticity which it has hitherto displayed, the present rate of dividend will not be maintained. The uninterrupted progress of working expenses baffles calculations which would otherwise have been sound. Within six years the cost of working railways has increased by an amount varying from 15 to 20 per cent. The most important item in the increased charge is that of wages. The Companies are forced to employ more servants, and to pay them at a higher rate; and, as all employers have of late years found, a rise of wages involves deterioration in efficiency of service. Among other elements of increased expense is the rise in the price of horses. The Chairman of the Midland Company, which stands only fourth in its mileage among the English systems, stated at the late meeting that their 2,500 horses now cost them on an average 20*l.* per annum more than a few years ago. The addition on this account alone of 50,000*l.* a year to the working expenses represents a deduction of about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the dividends of ordinary stockholders. Sir EDWARD WATKIN told the Manchester and Sheffield proprietors at their meeting that, if the proportion of working expenses to gross revenue which existed in 1869 could have been maintained to the present time, the dividend would have been 5 per cent. instead of 1 per cent. A saving which cannot average less than 30 per cent. in the price of coal during the past half-year seems to have been almost entirely absorbed by the general growth of expenditure. In the comparison of present and past working expenses sufficient allowance has not always been made for the cost of substituting steel rails for iron, which is not injudiciously charged by the principal Companies to revenue, although it strictly belongs to the capital account. Mr. BESSEMER has been the greatest of all benefactors to railway shareholders. A steel rail, which will outlast four or five iron rails, now costs less than twice as much; and when the change is completed the charge for wear and tear will be proportionately diminished. The shareholders at present get the benefit of the reduction on the parts of the line which are already relaid; but they invest a larger fraction of their dividends in the continuous process of substitution. Dissentients from time to time question at railway meetings the self-denying policy of their Boards; but in doubtful cases it is safer to put a charge on revenue than on capital, and the mode of keeping accounts is in any case of secondary importance. The complaint that the actual shareholder is mulcted for the benefit of his successor is founded on a confused notion. An advance to capital from revenue increases the saleable value of shares to the benefit, not of the future purchaser, but of the actual holder, who may become the vendor. It is true that there is inconvenience and practical injustice in any serious disturbance of the due distribution of capital and revenue accounts. The simpletons who formerly recommended that extensions should be made out of revenue were incapable of understanding the first rudiments of commercial economy.

Unfortunately, the same causes which have injuriously affected working expenses have also aggravated capital outlay. Mr. ELLIS informed the Midland shareholders that new lines which would formerly have cost 30,000*l.* per mile could not now be constructed under 45,000*l.* The inference that Companies ought to close their operations is natural, but in many cases erroneous. As traffic increases it becomes necessary at almost any cost to provide relief lines; and branches must be made to mineral fields which are likely to be opened, and to other sources of traffic. The detention of a train with its engine for an hour costs an appreciable sum, which, multiplied and capitalized, may often be larger than the cost of construction of a line to render the stoppage unnecessary. The impossibility of closing capital accounts has long since been proved by experience; and the increase continues at a progressive rate. The Parliamentary powers of the Midland Company have been enlarged in the recent Session by more than five millions and a half; and in six months the share capital created has been increased by two millions and a half. The capital expenditure within the year will have amounted to about three millions, of which somewhat more than half will have been incurred for the construction of new lines. The Settle and Carlisle line is now open for goods traffic; but it may probably require some further outlay. The Great Northern Company has about the same time completed its line into the Derbyshire coalfields alongside of the Midland line. Companies which have made no recent addition to their mileage are

compelled to expend capital on new stations, on additional sidings, on rolling stock, and for other purposes which are necessary for the accommodation of traffic. Some Companies, including the Midland and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, are paying interest or dividend on large sums for works which are still unproductive. In estimating the value of railway property, it is as necessary to consider the actual and probable state of the capital account as to calculate the amount of traffic and the working expenses.

The rapid increase of competing lines introduces another element of uncertainty or complication. The Settle and Carlisle line will secure to the Midland Company a share of the Scotch goods traffic which has hitherto between Carlisle and the rest of England, belonged almost exclusively to the London and North-Western. On the other hand, the Great Northern and London and North-Western will deprive the Midland of a portion of its vast mineral traffic; but the probable amount of gain and loss can only be estimated with the aid of minute local knowledge. In the great majority of cases the traffic increases during the construction of a competing line fast enough to make good the loss incurred by the disturbance of the previous monopoly. Of competition in the form of a reduction of rates there has been of late years only one conspicuous instance. The Boards of the London and North-Western, of the Great Northern, and of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire railways have complained in their Reports or at the half-yearly meetings of the injury inflicted upon them by the Midland experiment of abolishing second-class, or rather first-class, accommodation. The neighbouring railways have consequently been compelled to reduce their first-class fares, and the result has been in all cases a diminution of revenue. It might have been conjectured that the same effect must have been produced on the receipts of the Midland Company, if the Chairman had not intimated, though with some hesitation, his belief that the new system had been on the whole beneficial. Of an increase of 220,000*l.* in the gross half-yearly receipts of the Midland Company, 50,000*l.* arises from passenger traffic, producing perhaps a net profit of nearly 25,000*l.* The number of first-class passengers has been less than that of first and second class before the alteration. The number of third-class passengers has increased by 1,380,000. As the third-class fares have not been altered, the increase must be attributed mainly to the natural growth of traffic, and partly to the transfer of passengers from the second to the third class, which involves a loss to the Company. The pecuniary advantage of the change is evidently either imaginary or infinitesimal, but it is stated that the trains have been more punctual. The London and North-Western, by maintaining the existing scale of accommodation, will retain the monopoly of the first-class passenger traffic between the South and Carlisle; and it is difficult to understand how it can be the interest of the Midland Company to enforce, to the injury of both Companies, a reduction of fares. Travellers to whom comfort is more acceptable than cheapness will be unanimous in the hope that the Midland experiment will fail. No retrograde step of equal importance has been taken since the first introduction of railways.

The high market price of railway stock for some weeks past is fully explained by the slackness of trade, by the consequent abundance of money, and by the discredit which has fallen on the more doubtful class of foreign loans. The price of the best dividend-paying stocks even now fairly represents their permanent value. It is evident that speculative investors greatly prefer the chance of large future gain to immediate income. North British stock, though the revenue was in the corresponding half-year of 1874 inadequate to meet the dividends on preference stock, has nearly reached par. Other stocks, which will not pay a dividend for some years, are worth from 30 to 50 per cent. in the market. It is probable that in some instances prospective advantages have been discounted at too high a rate; but the most desirable stocks are undoubtedly those of railways which combine with undeveloped capabilities a high proportion of fixed charges to ordinary capital. The same school of wiseacres which taught the expediency of making extensions out of revenue had formerly almost persuaded simple-minded investors that debentures and preferences must be fatal to the prosperity of a railway. The easiest calculation shows that the elasticity of ordinary stock is proportionate to the rigidity of the residue of the capital; because the whole

increase, from the moment when the fixed charges are covered by the revenue, belongs to the unsecured partner in the undertaking. Eight or nine years ago the Great Western Company paid no dividend, and the price of shares sank below 50. Since that time the line has paid 6 and 7 per cent., and the stock has been quoted at 124. It is not surprising that investors anticipate a similar rise in the value of railways which now barely pay their expenses. The more prosperous Companies have for some years wisely raised their additional capital by the issue of loans and preference shares. Whether the application of sounder financial principles to railways and the general growth of population and trade will counterbalance the constant increase of working expenses is still uncertain. It is satisfactory to know that the experiment will be fairly tried at the risk of private capitalists. The temporary miscarriage of the telegraph purchase will postpone for some time projects for a compulsory transfer of railways to the State.

FRANCE.

THE Departmental Councils have met and parted, and their sittings have not been marked by any but commonplace incidents. Here and there the Orleanists have combined with the Republicans to defeat a Bonapartist candidate for the presidency or vice-presidency of a Council. A subordinate member of the Ministry has rejoiced the hearts of all sound constitutionalists by the unexpected, though to foreigners, obvious remark, that the Republic is now the legal government of France. M. WADDINGTON, who was a Minister under M. THIERS, has given the Republicans some good advice as to their conduct in the coming elections. This makes up the political history of a fortnight in which what has not happened is of more importance than what has happened. Some curiosity had been felt as to the line which the Prefects would take if the President of a Council-General introduced politics into his opening speech. In former years there have been some angry contests between the elected and the nominated heads of the department, but this time the Prefects have confined themselves to an occasional protest. The Republicans have not, as a rule, at all abused this forbearance. At no time have the Councils-General so little concerned themselves with politics as in the sittings which have just closed. There are two possible ways of accounting for this. The popular interest in politics may have grown slack, or it may have grown practical. Events have given some degree of probability to both explanations. There has been enough of delay and vacillation in the action of the Assembly to weary out a nation which had only lately become accustomed to interest itself in its own affairs. More than two years ago it was plain that the country wished to see what a Republican Government would be like, and from that time the efforts of the dominant party in the Assembly have been steadily directed, first to prevent the experiment from being tried, and next to put off the day on which the trial was to begin. It would not be strange if this mode of dealing with a dawning political aptitude should prove to have extinguished it altogether. Hope deferred may be a cause of careless minds as well as of sick hearts. On the other hand, it is so plain that the utmost efforts of the majority in the Assembly cannot postpone the dissolution for more than a few months that the members of the Departmental Councils may feel that there is no need for them to insist on talking politics illegally when they must shortly have such abundant opportunities of talking politics legally. Whether the result of the elections be satisfactory or not as regards the complexion of the Legislature returned, there is not much doubt but that this Legislature will fairly represent such active political feeling as there is in France. If administrative pressure will not be entirely wanting, it will at all events be applied in a very modified form. A voter who really cares about one candidate rather than another will not have to make any serious sacrifices to give effect to his preference. With this prospect so immediately in view, it may not have cost the Councils-General much to abstain for once from defying a Prefect.

M. WADDINGTON divides the candidates who will shortly present themselves to the electors into two classes—those who have submitted to the Constitution of the 25th of February, and those who have accepted it. He advises the Republicans not to be too curious in investigating the motives

which have prompted the latter course. The candidates may have been genuinely satisfied with the settlement which the Constitution provides, or they may have simply grown weary of going on so long without a settlement. Their opinions on questions lying outside the Constitution may be as diverse as their antecedents. They may be Royalists or Republicans in theory, as they may have been Royalists or Republicans by education. None of these distinctions, says M. WADDINGTON, are anything to the electors' purpose. They have only to ask what the candidate is now. If he is a Republican to-day, it does not matter what he was yesterday. If he is a Republican in the sense of being ready to live and die under the Constitution of February, there is no need to quarrel with him because he would have liked to see the Constitution of February something other than it is. M. WADDINGTON finds it necessary, however, to guard this counsel with one proviso. There is a clause in the Constitution which allows of its future revision; and a candidate who intends to use this clause for the purpose of re-establishing the Monarchy may still say that he accepts the Constitution until such time as it is revised. The electoral catechism must therefore include the inquiry whether the candidate is resolved to use the right of revision for the consolidation and amelioration of the Constitution, but not for its destruction. If the Legitimists were given to fencing on the hustings, it is doubtful whether this question would be searching enough to bring out their true character. A moderate Royalist who thinks the present Constitution just endurable might perhaps persuade himself that, in making the Executive hereditary, he was only consolidating and ameliorating the Republic. Casuistry, however, is not a branch of theology which the Legitimists much care for. Their professions of loyalty to their King usually include a direct announcement that they detest the Government which for the present keeps him out of his inheritance. The touchstone proposed by M. WADDINGTON would not do much to detect a Bonapartist, but it may fairly be said that no other that can be suggested would be more effectual. The partisans of the Appeal to the People have too much of the chameleon in their composition to be accurately described by an elector of only average intelligence. Considering, therefore, that of the two chief enemies of the Republic one will refuse to swallow any pledge, while the other will be ready to swallow all, M. WADDINGTON's form of question is at least as good as any other.

The Extreme Republican party in France seem to have hardly any time to spare for politics just at present. Whether M. GAMBETTA really thinks the use which the Bishops are making of the newly conceded liberty of teaching the most important matter with which he can now concern himself, or only welcomes it as a means of diverting attention from a possible schism among his followers, is not clear. For one or the other reason, however, the *République Française* devotes the larger part of its available space to attacks upon the clergy for their intolerable presumption in taking immediate advantage of the law which has just been made. M. GAMBETTA may perhaps have contributed to the promptness with which the clergy have certainly shown in the matter by the warning which his organ has steadily given that the law will be changed as soon as ever the Republicans have a majority in the Legislature. By the time the present burst of religious sunshine is over, a good deal of hay will have been made in the shape of lecture-rooms which it will be difficult to close, and endowments which it will be difficult to confiscate. A Catholic University is at once to be opened at Paris, and others probably at Lille and Angers. If they are all to be conducted on the lines laid down by the Bishop of ANGERS, the Secularist party will not have much reason to fear the results of the competition. The students in a Catholic University, says the Bishop, must be protected against unlawful passions by an active and watchful solicitude which must follow them wherever they go, and not shrink from intruding on their privacy. They must hear none but authorized words, they must join in none but authorized amusements; and in this way they may hope to find themselves at the end of their University career in the possession of unshaken faith and unsullied purity. It is easy to predict what the issue of the training thus described will be. The students will leave the Catholic University either absolute infants or accomplished hypocrites. The better sort will have been kept free from the temptations which commonly assail youth, and

will consequently have no experience how to deal with them when they can no longer be shut out. The worse sort will have learnt to seek out temptations for themselves, and to conceal the fact from the notice of the most vigilant tutor. It was not thus that the great Catholic Universities of the middle ages left their mark upon the society of their time. The Roman Catholic Church seems equally blind to the teachings of her past successes and of her present failures.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association still flourishes, forty-four years after it first met at York under the presidency of the Rev. W. VERNON HARCOURT. Of late its managers have so far deviated from the original purpose of the institution as to allow discussions on moral and political questions which, however important, are not susceptible of scientific treatment; but, side by side with more or less serious gossip on social topics, questions of science are still discussed with profitable results. The British Association is the parent of all the innumerable Congresses which annually furnish the votaries of special pursuits with instructive recreation. All sorts of religious and professional bodies have adopted the same method of prolonging their special business into seasons of vacation. The utility of such meetings is probably in direct proportion to the special character of the subjects which are discussed. A few days since a Pharmaceutical Congress entered with keen enjoyment, and probably not without practical benefit, into a series of minute disquisitions on the properties of drugs. Even the Social Science Association has sometimes received and communicated information which has perhaps not been absolutely worthless. The most valuable papers of the British Association are read in the several sections which deal with single branches of science. It is not the fault of the eminent men who succeed one another as Presidents that their more ambitious addresses are comparatively superficial. Science, especially in modern times, is too various and too extensive to be treated as a whole. Methods of scientific inquiry, such as those which are popularly attributed to BACON, are at the best generalizations which belong to the domain rather of metaphysics or of psychology than of science. It is therefore not surprising that those who deliver the opening addresses are constantly tempted to wander outside the sphere of the Association. Professor TYNDALL and Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW have in two successive years unintentionally contributed to the definition of the limits of science above and below. The Belfast address soared into the region of theology, unless indeed it would be more accurate to add a negative prefix. Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW less ambitiously confined himself to the antiquities, the history, and the statistics of mechanical discovery. First causes or non-causes are unapproachable by any process more scientific than the system which LUCRETIUS borrowed from EPICURUS and DEMOCRITUS. Professor TYNDALL showed that it was impossible to disprove the fortuitous concourse of atoms which, on the other hand, will never be demonstrated. His able successor contented himself with commonplaces which, however interesting, might easily be compiled by an industrious writer who had never studied a proposition of EUCLID.

It is not surprising that a civil engineer should, even when he addresses a scientific audience, think rather of ingenious contrivances and of large material results than of the intellectual problems which properly constitute science. Successful engineers are necessarily men of great ability, and some of them cultivate science for its own sake, as statesmen are not unfrequently men of letters; but original discovery and abstruse calculation are not the province of those who spend their lives in constructing railways and canals. When Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW enumerated with natural sympathy the great exploits of Egyptian or Indian kings, he might have remembered that their engineers were possibly ignorant of the properties of a circle or a triangle. The ancient Suez Canal, like that excavated by M. DE LESSEPS, was probably devised by a layman, and it must have been executed by means of an unlimited supply of manual labour. The PHARAOHS had no steam dredging machines; but those useful implements were not invented by the engineers who employ them. Perhaps one-half of the most valuable knowledge of an engineer consists in a practical knowledge of the strength, the tenacity, and the other qualities of the materials which he uses. The best part of his education

is in the workshop, and his most indispensable faculty is accurate observation. It is convenient that he should be rapid and accurate in arithmetical calculation; but he wastes his time if he invents formulas for himself instead of taking them ready-made from manuals. The mechanical engineer is more nearly concerned with science; but in general the discovery of natural laws and the application of ascertained facts to useful purposes are separate departments. When a civil engineer engaged in the construction of a difficult work requires extraordinary mechanical power, or contemplates a new arrangement of materials, he consults mechanists like the author of the hydraulic lift, or workers in metal such as the makers of the tubular bridge at Bangor. Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW has made admirable railways; he has drained an inland sea; and he may not improbably end his career by depriving Great Britain of its purely insular character. He will certainly not postpone the construction of his tunnel between England and France to excursions into the domain of pure science. The first STEPHENSON had not a scientific education, but he had great natural power. BRUNEL, who was both a man of genius and a man of science, was inferior to many of his contemporaries in the indispensable power of estimating commercial expediency. A civil engineer ought to have some of the qualities of a general, and his whole career is essentially practical.

Some of Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW's figures are interesting, though they have no relation to any branch of science. He estimates the expenditure within half a century on public works at five thousand millions sterling; and there can be little doubt that the outlay has been far more than compensated by the results. Although the engineers who have superintended the expenditure of the money have been rather administrators than men of science, they have conferred benefits on society which almost excuse Mr. LOWE's hyperbolical estimate of their intellectual rank. One of Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW's critics has explained his selection as President of the Association by the far-fetched theory that it was intended to suggest that engineers should for the future be men of science. It is much more desirable to maintain the existing division of labour. Mr. FROUDE, who is not less eminent in mechanical science than his brother is in literature, Mr. BRAMWELL, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, and Sir JOSEPH WHITWORTH are not, in the ordinary sense of the term, civil engineers, although they probably belong to the Institute. It might almost be said that the members of the British Association recognized in the constructors of public works the most conspicuous illustrations of the utility of scientific inquiries. Almost every chemical and mechanical discovery ultimately produces the material advantages which seemed to BACON the chief objects of science. Perhaps the profoundest of his brilliant apophthegms is the assertion that experiments which give light should be preferred to those which tend to immediate gain. Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW's antiquarian researches seem to prove that the greatest works can be constructed by sheer force without any admixture of science; but modern engineers have surpassed the PHARAOHS through the mechanical advantages which they enjoy. If there were now a demand for Pyramids, machinery for elevating the blocks of stone or masses of brick to their destined position would be immediately forthcoming. The architects of the great European cathedrals must have possessed remarkable engineering genius, but they could not, even if they had been willing to forget their instinct of beauty, have erected the Midland Station at St. Pancras.

The world at large, which is necessarily ignorant of the principles and details of science, ought to maintain in the presence of adepts an attitude of respectful admiration, but sparingly interspersed with wonder. It is indeed impossible to repress an occasional feeling of astonishment on learning that scores of metals have been identified in the solar atmosphere, or that extinct animals have been reconstructed by induction from a few fossilized bones; but the philosophical outsider well knows that he is incapable of judging of the comparative difficulty and merit of various discoveries. Only blundering presumption will measure the genius of inventors by the utility of their contrivances. The discovery of printing was itself principally remarkable as a proof of the dulness of many generations which had printed seals with signs, and had never thought of printing books with types. On the other hand, it may be doubtful whether the discovery of the marvels revealed by the solar spectrum has hitherto

added a shilling to the wealth of the community. The researches of the British Association are probably less and less valuable as they become from time to time generally intelligible. Chemists speak to chemists and astronomers to astronomers in a language untranslatable into the vulgar dialect. It is perhaps well that there should be intermediate prophets, such as civil engineers, to interpret and communicate to the multitude below some fragments of the revelations of scientific oracles. All intelligent persons recognize the utility and magnitude of railways and harbours, and the great services of the engineers by whom they are designed and executed. A power which is itself mysterious to the uninstructed is naturally confused with science, to which in truth it has a certain relation. If some enthusiasts, such as Mr. LOWE, bow down in idolatrous admiration of the workers of material miracles, they are perhaps sometimes unconsciously influenced by a desire to express contempt for their own immediate equals and associates.

SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICS.

THE local opponents of Lord CARNARVON's South African policy have made a grand discovery. They have been accustomed to think that, however faint the line between Conservatives and Liberals may have become on all other questions, there is still a radical distinction in their view of the relation of the Colonies to the mother country. The Liberals are anxious to shake off the responsibilities imposed by distant possessions. The Conservatives are anxious to promote the consolidation of the English dominions in all parts of the world, and to make the most remote dependency an integral part of the Empire. Lord CARNARVON's share in the constitution of the Dominion of Canada was supposed to bear out this theory of Conservative policy, and his desire to bring about a confederation of the South African communities promised to form a fresh example of the same centralizing disposition. Lord CARNARVON's adversaries now allege that their eyes have been completely opened by a speech of Mr. FROUDE's at Worcester. Mr. FROUDE, they rightly argue, is the latest and most authorized exponent of Lord CARNARVON's views. If he preaches disintegration instead of union, it is because the SECRETARY OF STATE is determined to give the lie to his Conservative antecedents, and to break up the English Empire with as little compunction as Lord KIMBERLEY himself. Happily, the South African colonists are not to be caught with fair words about confederation. They are determined to maintain their present relationship with England unimpaired, the most valuable element in that relationship apparently being an unlimited right of quarrelling with one another under the protection of the mother country.

As an historian, Mr. FROUDE has not invariably been found in strict agreement with his authorities; and before seeing his speech it seemed just possible that this habit might have clung to him in his character of amateur diplomatist. The speech itself soon dispelled any such notion. It is an exceedingly sensible exposition of the position in which England wishes to stand towards her colonies, and there is every reason to believe that it completely reproduces the spirit of Lord CARNARVON's instructions. This being so, it is almost needless to add that it does not contain one word about separation in the sense of a solution desired by the English Government. What Mr. FROUDE says is that every growing colony must pass through two consecutive stages of political progress. The first is that in which Lord CARNARVON now wishes to place the South African communities. It is a position of internal independence and external protection. The Cape, Mr. FROUDE observes, is a tempting station to ambitious or aggressive Powers. If England were out of the way it would not be long before some other European nation would try to gain a footing on the South African coast. Young colonies cannot be asked to take on themselves the heavy burden of defence against maritime aggression. England offers them the protection of her fleet and of her flag, and asks nothing in return except an Imperial station at Simon's Bay, and an assurance that when she is at war the resources of South Africa will be at her service, not at that of her enemies. By and by, in their sons' days, or it may be in their grandsons', the South African colonies will have grown too strong to need to be protected. They will have become a full and perfect nationality, and

it will be for them to choose whether in this new character they will become an independent Power or remain associated with England as an equal partner. Upon that choice, when the time comes for making it, no influence will be exercised from home. If South Africa wishes to go, Englishmen will see her go with regret, but they will offer no opposition to her departure. If she prefers to remain, she will share to the full the honours, the glories, and the dangers of the Imperial State. Mr. FROUDE has very happily defined the difference between the present and future relations of a colony to the mother country. England begins with the concession of internal independence, just as a girl is given an allowance for gloves and ribbons before her whole wardrobe is made over to her own care. Internal matters the colonists can usually manage best for themselves, and it is only by learning to manage them that they can gain experience in practical statesmanship. But a foreign policy is for the present beyond them; and it would not be fair to saddle them with the burden of self-defence against dangers not of their own provoking. A time will come, however, when they will have grown strong enough to have a foreign policy of their own, and it will then be necessary for them to determine whether this foreign policy shall be one of isolation or of association. So long as South Africa is too weak to maintain a fleet, it is reasonable that she should, as regards foreign countries, be at once secure and silent. When she is able to maintain a fleet, she will also have to settle whether she will go on her own way or be a sharer in the action and a contributor to the burdens of the parent State.

It is hard to say precisely in what part of this speech Mr. FROUDE's critics find the material for a charge of "disintegration." For the present, and probably for many years to come, he wishes to see the most complete union maintained between South Africa and England. It is only in preparation for a time when most other theorists have assumed that the connexion between the Colonies and the mother country must come to an end, that Mr. FROUDE suggests a modified connexion. The truth probably is that Mr. FROUDE's theories of colonial policy are denounced as a convenient method of throwing discredit on the proposals with which he is at present charged. The idea of confederation appears to be popular with the majority of the colonial public, but it is naturally distasteful to a minority of colonial politicians. Confederation would soon bring out the fact that the officials are needlessly many for the work that would still have to be done, and none probably of the Ministers of the several colonies feel confident that they would survive the necessary reconstruction of the staff. It is not only in South Africa that reforms are popular in proportion to the number of reformers for whom they are likely to provide places. So far as the opposition to Lord CARNARVON's scheme is not due to personal considerations of this kind, it may be explained by the dislike of some of the colonists to put on paper the principles by which their treatment of the native races is ordinarily governed. Mr. FROUDE has discharged this part of his mission with considerable tact. It would have been of no avail to tell the colonists that they must give some guarantee that they will treat their coloured subjects properly before the Colonial Office can possibly leave them in their hands. The implied doubt whether their treatment of them in times past had been such as it should have been would certainly have been resented, and the whole negotiation would have broken down on this single point. Mr. FROUDE approaches the question from a different side. You and I, he says, know very well that your management of the native population is very good indeed. But Englishmen generally do not know this. Where the coloured races are concerned, they are eager, sensitive, and suspicious, and until their suspicions can be laid to rest they will not allow the Home Government to hand over the entire control of them to the colonists. If these sensitive Englishmen can only make themselves acquainted with the excellent government which the natives have hitherto enjoyed, their scruples will disappear. To this end Lord CARNARVON has proposed that representatives from all parts of South Africa should lay out before him the principles of native management as they prevail in the several States; and when these have been furnished, he will be able, if he finds them satisfactory, to ask the English people to say whether there is any need for the exercise of further supervision over rulers of such humanity and wisdom. Lord CARNARVON

does not need to be reminded that excellent principles and excellent practice are not inseparably united, and that something more than a statement of the admirable manner in which the South African colonists intend to govern the native races may be required before the protection of the Home Government is withdrawn from them. He is probably right, however, in thinking that the necessity of framing such a statement, and the knowledge that, unless it be such as will satisfy English opinion, it may as well not be framed at all, will lead to the adoption of some important improvements in colonial native management.

A VISION OF HOLBORN.

A VERY interesting Report on the application of the Artisans' Dwellings Act has been presented to the Board of Works for the Holborn district by their Surveyor. As the Act must be put in operation on the motion of the Officer of Health, this Report can only be regarded as an amateur contribution to the subject with which it deals. But it is so valuable, as showing the uses to which the Act may be turned, and the change in the aspect of London which would follow upon its judicious employment, that there seems no need to wait for its adoption either by the Officer of Health or by the Board of Works before describing what it proposes to do. Mr. ISAACS has chosen as the theatre of his suggested revolution an area lying between Gray's Inn Road and Leather Lane. The length from north to south is 1,100 feet, and from east to west 550 feet, and the well-known church of St. Alban stands almost in the centre of the space thus defined. This district has not, it seems, been neglected by the local authorities. It does not, Mr. ISAACS states, contain a single undrained place. Every court and alley is periodically flushed with water, and the paved surfaces are thoroughly cleansed. Unfortunately the efforts of the Board have not been seconded by the owners of the houses, and until the passing of Mr. CROSS's Bill there was no means of either compelling the landlords to act or of overriding their inaction. The courts are too narrow to admit the necessary light and air. The entrances to them are by doorways passing through a house. The houses themselves are often built back to back; and Mr. ISAACS probably does injustice to the earliest state of society when he describes the provision for the collection of dust, the storage of water, and the discharge of refuse of every description, as "primitive." Nothing can be done to improve houses of this type; they must either be pulled down or let alone. Hitherto the local authority has had no choice but to let them alone, since the poverty of the owners and the worthlessness of the sites have made the alternative course impossible. The law provided no means of paying the owner the value of his property; and even if this difficulty could have been got over, no "prudent person" would care to employ capital in building in a situation where the surroundings were such as almost to "ensure his investment proving a loss." Even when a house has been so ruinous or so unhealthy that the authorities have been compelled to pull it down, the site, once cleared, has remained unbuilt upon for many years.

Mr. ISAACS proposes to make a clean sweep of all the buildings within this area, with the exception of St. Alban's Church and the street which leads to it from Holborn. He would then begin by widening the southern part of Gray's Inn Road. At present this great thoroughfare is, at the Holborn end, little more than thirty feet wide. On the new plan it would be fifty feet wide. Leather Lane, which bounds the area on the east, and Portpool Lane, which bounds it to the north, would each be made forty feet wide. The remaining streets, with the single exception of Brooke Street, would be pulled down, and in their stead Mr. ISAACS would make four new roadways. Of these one would run from Gray's Inn Road to Leather Lane, a second would connect Gray's Inn Road and Brooke Street, the third would lead from Gray's Inn Road to the west end of St. Alban's Church, and the fourth from the first-mentioned new street to the north doorway of St. Alban's Church. These two approaches Mr. ISAACS would make forty feet wide, and plant with trees. He would also leave an open space on the north and east sides of the church, and plant this too with trees. The frontage on the east side of Gray's Inn Road and the frontage on the west side of Leather Lane would, on Mr. ISAACS' plan, be appropriated to

houses of a superior class, but the whole remaining would be devoted to houses for working men. The number of families at present inhabiting the area is 1,019, containing 3,661 persons, and living in 239 houses, but with a better distribution of the space room would be obtained for a much larger number. Mr. ISAACS gives a plan of the ground as laid out for this purpose, which shows five distinct blocks of artisans' dwellings; one in the angle between Gray's Inn Road and Brooke Street, one on each side of the new street leading to the west end of St. Alban's, a fourth running round the open space at the north and east ends of the church, and a fifth on the south side of Portpool Lane. All these blocks are so grouped as to allow of ample courtyards, which would secure abundance of light and air and provide wholesome and safe playgrounds for children. This last object would be further secured by building the houses over an arched basement with an asphalt floor. Above this would be a ground story, and four upper stories, with a flat roof for drying clothes and washhouses on the highest floor. The rooms would be reached by an external staircase, and each set would contain "all the requisites of a healthy home appropriated to the exclusive use of the family inhabiting it." Mr. ISAACS has gone carefully into the probable cost of carrying out this scheme, and his conclusion is that, with the exception of part of the outlay to be incurred in widening the streets, which may fairly be reckoned as a general metropolitan improvement, the ground-rents obtained for the building plots would recoup the cost of execution. The fourteen acres included in the area to be dealt with are covered with very poor, and consequently very worthless, houses; while the houses to be built in their place would, from their situation, be in great demand. Gray's Inn Road is a very central thoroughfare; it is not far from the river, and the Farringdon Street station of the Metropolitan Railway is close by.

If the Metropolitan Board of Works should see their way to the adoption of this plan, the Holborn authorities will deserve to be congratulated on finding in their district an occasion for the application of Mr. CROSS's Act under unusually favourable conditions. The land can be had at what for London is a low price; the soil and situation are healthy; the space cleared would easily accommodate more than the population at present housed in it; and the presence of a strikingly handsome church in the centre of the area gives an architectural dignity to the scheme which cannot often be had in connexion with buildings erected for strictly utilitarian objects. If Mr. ISAACS's calculations prove correct, the twenty-five miserable courts and alleys which now encumber the ground will give place to four streets of fair width, while a larger number of persons than are now crowded together in this space will find ample and wholesome accommodation. Mr. ISAACS apologizes to the Officer of Health for having taken the initiative in suggesting a field for the application of the Act. The Officer of Health will probably be grateful for having his course made clear to him by a professional opinion on the architectural possibilities of one of the worst districts under his care. There will be little difficulty unfortunately in finding areas in London which Officers of Health can conscientiously condemn. But it does not follow that the worst areas will always be the easiest to cover with a better class of houses; and it is of great importance that the earliest experiments under the Act should be conspicuously successful—successful, that is, in housing in a thoroughly satisfactory way more persons than have been displaced by the clearance, and in doing this at a cost which shall not impose any ultimate burden on the rates. The plan suggested by Mr. ISAACS seems to combine all these requisites in a very eminent degree. It fulfils the substantial objects at which all such plans must aim, and it fulfils them with a certain amount of magnificence which is likely to attract attention and to provoke imitation. No doubt Mr. CROSS was right when he said that he wished to improve the dwellings of the poor, not to facilitate metropolitan improvements. But if, as a necessary part of the first process, something is done in the direction of the second, it is at all events an additional merit in a scheme that it combines the two objects. Widened streets and better approaches to one of the finest of modern churches are collateral gains which, in making the experiment better known, would be likely to make the repetition of it more popular.

INDEFINITENESS.

IN one of the formulæ around which, like fortresses, from time to time the stir of combat gathers, a change of existing practice is parenthetically spoken of as "much to be wished," for which a scrupulous reader is said to have once substituted the words "scarcely to be expected." Considered in view of the speaker's judgment of the probability of an event, the two expressions may be taken as almost, if not exactly, equivalent. It is, for example, "much to be wished" that people when they propose to speak or write on any point in dispute would agree beforehand to use the same terms in the same sense on both sides; while it is "scarcely to be expected" that they ever will. Interpretation clauses are practically confined to Acts of Parliament, and are not always very successful there. The two old-fashioned squires who engaged in dispute as to the number of bushels of malt which were needful for a hogshead of good old English ale, and who waxed so hot in the contest that a friendship of many years seemed in jeopardy, were fortunate in the presence of a judicious bystander, who inquired how many gallons of liquor the measure called a hogshead contained. Unluckily few questions admit of a definition of terms quite so simple as this. But while it is impossible to expect two men always to use a word in the same sense, or either of the two to be careful to ascertain the sense in which the other uses it, it is desirable, and in most cases possible, that a speaker or writer should have some distinct and communicable idea of the sense of words which he himself is using. Precise definition is not always to be had; but this is no excuse for a negligent and hazy habit of mind. It is a disputed point whether we necessarily think in words; and those who maintain the negative have no slight justification in the fact that one language is continually obliged to borrow from another terms for the thought which its own resources cannot convey. It is not our practice, nor is it our present intention, to enter into any discussion on the theological aspects of this or any other question; but there is a borderland here and there on the confines of the province of theology where its language is common to the Church and the world; and the use of words in ordinary life cannot be put out of consideration because they are used also in a religious sense. Nor is it trespassing in any way upon the province of theology to express an opinion that preachers and religious writers are just as much bound as writers on science or on any other subject to give as definite a form to their thoughts as they can, and to state their meaning in well-considered and intelligible words. The old story about "the blessed word Mesopotamia" may not be strictly true, but there is truth enough contained in it to be worth attention. Sounds that convey no meaning may be very soothing at times, but they can no more assist any mental process than the nonsensibilities with which mother sings her baby to sleep. There are a good many forms and densities of intellectual fog besides that which the late Dean of St. Paul's has satirized in the *Phrontisterion*:-

The great Nothing-Something, the Being-Thought,
That mouldeth the mass of chaotic Nought,
Whose beginning unended, and end unbegun,
Is the One that is All, and the All that is One.

In what sense, to take a common instance, does any one speak or write about "the skies"? The sound rhymes with "rise," it is true, and very likely the exigencies of rhyming have brought the word into use, first in poetry, and then in that form of diluted poetry which passes for sentimental prose. "The sky," in the singular, is a word which every one understands. If in this form it is used metaphorically as an equivalent for the word "heaven," that is outside the range of our present purpose, which is to ask simply, What are the "skies"? The "sky" must become the "skies" either by multiplication—as when we compare the atmosphere of one day or month with that of another, and thus speak of April and December skies—or by division, which may be either vertical or horizontal, and in the former view it is both usual and correct to distinguish between English and Italian skies or the like. In neither of these senses, however, has the word any relation to the point in question. A division of the sky such as we have roughly described as horizontal does indeed make "the skies" correspond with the equivalent and ancient expression "the heavens." But that expression represented a well-understood cosmical belief, by which the regions overhead were supposed to be portioned out in separate stages or spheres, one above the other, and in accordance with which the Greek fancy might picture the gods dwelling serenely on the other side of the blue vault. Apparently, when any one now speaks of "the skies" in the way to which we are referring, he must either use the word in this meaning or in no intelligible meaning at all; and as no one would now think of admitting the former alternative, there seems to be no escape from the latter.

Of another still more common, and far more questionable, instance of indefiniteness, an illustration was not long ago supplied in a quarter where it might least have been anticipated. In a well-known work exhibiting a great mastery of critical detail and much industry and care in collecting and collating materials, we find a translation of a very early ecclesiastical manuscript in which the Latin words *in finem temporum* are rendered by the very familiar English phrase, "to the end of time." There is no need to quote the context, which is not to our present purpose; but the substitution of the singular in the English for the Latin plural appears to follow a suggested Greek original which reads *τοῦ τοῦ χρόνου*. As a matter of scholarship, the rendering is an

evident oversight, since the English singular without the article can no more represent the Greek with the article than it can the Latin plural; and it must be through the general and almost thoughtless use of the English phrase that such an oversight became possible. What sort of meaning, in the present state of human knowledge, can attach to the expression "the end of time" may be worth some investigation. If it has formerly derived any authority from a now recognized mistranslation, the inquiry is only thus thrown into a different form, which would ask how such a mistranslation became possible. An expression which once was held to be scientifically accurate can claim no permanence on the ground of long-established use when its incorrectness or inadequacy has been satisfactorily shown. But it may do a great deal of mischief by its continued use, and may be made the basis of inferences which are alike untenable and unfair. It is right to state that no reference is here intended to the author whom we have quoted above; and indeed the writer whose words he renders would perhaps have seen no difficulty in the matter. The idea of time, like that of space, involves the possibility of measurement. "The end of the time," or "of the times," the end of an æon or age, the end of a state of things existing in time, or the end of a cosmos or world, are thus all of them intelligible expressions, and represent the limit of distinct portions of time. But "the end of time," if it conveys any definite meaning, must represent the limit of time in the abstract; or, in other words, a boundary beyond which the succession of events must cease—a thing inconceivable under any form in which the mind can take cognizance of events. The poetical shapes into which well-known writers have thrown this idea are vague and contradictory in the extreme. When we read of "echoes when time shall be no more," the musical idea which is implied in an "echo" itself assumes a succession of vibrations—that is, a measurement of time. No better test of the accuracy or vagueness, whichever it may be, of this form of popular expression can be found than the very practical, and almost humorous, reasoning which is brought to bear by Lucretius upon the cognate subject of the limitation or the infinity of space:—

Si jam finitum constitutatur
Omne, quod est, spatium—si quis procurat ad oras
Ultimus extrems, jaciatque volatilis telum :
* * * * *
sive est aliquid, quod prohibeat efficiatque
Quod minus' quo misum est veniat, finique locet se;
Sive toras fertur : non est a fine projectum.

If any one who is disposed to adopt the current way of speaking of "the end of time" will make a similar experiment, and "project the flying dart" of his thought onward from this stand-point, he will probably arrive at a conclusion similar to that of the quaint old material philosopher. The non-existence of time is a condition as simply inconceivable as the non-existence of space; and both may be placed in the same catalogue of things unimaginable as a geometry of four dimensions. An Oxford prize poem, if we remember rightly, of a generation since contains a picturesque description of Petra as

A rose-red ruin, half as old as Time;

and the chronological statement, though vague, represents a very definite stage in the history of scientific knowledge. A condition of belief which accepted the absolute non-existence of any material order of things at a period less than six thousand years ago might not inconsistently conceive of an "end of time" as a *terminus ad quem*, corresponding to the beginning of the material order which was its *terminus a quo*. Even thus, however, the expression is inexact and illogical. Time does not cease when the instruments by which men measure its passage are absent or out of order; and it matters nothing to this principle what may be the dimensions of the mechanism, or the origin of its motive power. But with the advancement of knowledge and the wider field thus opened to thought, there must of necessity follow an advancement of the language which expresses thought, and the man cannot content himself with the vocabulary of the child. Perhaps one of the most fruitful causes of the alleged, and popularly believed, contradiction between science and religion is to be found in a conservatism of traditional language which becomes almost a consecration of words. To preserve an expression which conveyed a once admitted meaning, but which now conveys a sense that no educated man acknowledges, or else no sense at all, is merely to speak, be the subject-matter what it may, in "a tongue not understood of the people"; and if it has any useful mental influence, it can only be of that sedative kind which sends the listener to sleep.

There are other forms of indefiniteness upon which criticism or remonstrance would be labour thrown away. People who use long words which they do not understand, instead of short words which they do understand, probably imagine that they increase in some way their dignity and reputation by the process. When a man is hanged at Newgate, or a vessel goes down at sea, it is of no sort of use to ask the reporter who writes that the criminal or the crew were "launched into eternity" why he uses the words or what he means by them. The impulsive incumbent who, on the strength of writing D.D. after his name, was allowed by the *Times* to interfere at some length in the recent tombstone controversy in Lincolnshire, probably thought it a piece of very effective writing when he described the feelings of a bereaved father towards his "departed cherub"; and many readers of the *Times* no doubt thought the words as appropriate as they were touching. It is useless to expect untrained minds to abandon fine terms for simple ones, or popular for exact expressions; but

at any rate people who are able to weigh the force of words may begin by setting the example. Perhaps, in the presence of a style of poetry which has found of late no small acceptance, it is a mere crying in the wilderness to offer any such advice as this; and when a writer who has already obtained a reputation as a critical scholar and editor of University classics prefuses a volume of poetry with an address "To the Beloved," beginning—

My holy love of many names
Whose face I have not seen,
With rosy dews and subtle flames
Anointed for a queen—

we ought rather, it may be, instead of finding fault with some prevailing forms of indefiniteness in the use of words, to feel thankful that there is any language left which it is possible to understand at all.

PROFESSOR GEDDES ON THE HOMERIC POEMS.

WE had occasion some time back to notice a small philosophical tract by Professor Geddes of Aberdeen, in which we gladly recognized the marks of real thought and scholarship of a high order. The July number of the *Contemporary Review* contained an article by the same writer, headed "A New Theory of the Homeric Question," which, to say the very least, deserves to be most carefully examined. About Homer, as about the Old Testament, so much has been written, such mountains of commentary have been piled on the original writings, that we have sometimes formed the impossible wish to find some man, of competent scholarship in other ways, but who should know absolutely nothing of what has been said on any of the controverted points. If we could find such a one, and set him to work on either the Greek or the Hebrew writings, we should get, what there seems no hope of getting in any other way, the result of a really impartial study of the books. Mr. Geddes will certainly not serve our turn for this purpose, as far as Homer is concerned; he knows a great deal too well what has been already written about Homer. But he has certainly not gone to work in any spirit of slavish submission to any earlier writer, nor yet in any spirit of mere striving after something different from what any earlier writer has said. Mr. Geddes has formed what he truly calls a "new theory"; but it is a theory which falls in with another theory, and is indeed the complement, if not the natural consequence, of that other theory. Mr. Geddes would hardly have lighted on his own theory, if Mr. Grote had not already put forth his; and Mr. Grote would hardly have lighted on his theory, if it had not been suggested by other theories which he casts aside.

Mr. Grote, it will be remembered, held a view which differed widely alike from the doctrine that the two Homeric poems are mere collections of independent ballads arbitrarily worked into two wholes, and from the doctrine that the two poems as they stand are—allowing of course for lesser interpolations—the actual work of a single poet. He held that the *Odyssey*, as we have it—allowing again for interpolations and corruptions of the text—is a work designed and carried out by a single poet. The *Iliad*, on the other hand, he held to be an enlargement of an original Achilleid. We have the Achilleid; but several books, forming no mere interpolation, but a large and important part of the poem, have been inserted by a later hand, so as to change the Achilleid into an *Iliad*, to change a poem of which Achilles was the special subject into a poem dealing with the Trojan war and its heroes generally. Mr. Grote did not attempt to rule when or by whom this insertion was made; he did not rule that it might not even have been the original poet who enlarged his own work. It was enough for his view that there had been enlargement, whether such enlargement was made a long or a short time after the original composition. And he carefully guarded against the notion that an insertion of this kind implied any inferiority in the inserted books. While they doubtless injured the symmetry of design in the poem, they might be, and in point of fact they were, fully equal in poetical merit to the original books. Such was Mr. Grote's view—an *Odyssey* in its original shape; an *Iliad* formed at an early time by insertions in an original Achilleid. As to the personality and date of the one, two, or three poets whom the theory implies, Mr. Grote did not commit himself to any positive opinion.

The theory of Mr. Geddes assumes that of Mr. Grote. He too believes in an original *Odyssey* essentially the same as the *Odyssey* which we now have, and in an *Iliad* formed by enlargement of an earlier Achilleid. But he ventures to assign, if not the date, yet a personal author to the *Odyssey* and to the *Iliad* as we now have it. Mr. Geddes fully believes in a personal Homer. In that Homer he sees both the original poet of the *Odyssey* and the poet who enlarged the Achilleid into an *Iliad*. In this sense then *Odyssey* and *Iliad* alike are the works of Homer. The essential part of this theory is that it attributes that enlargement of the Achilleid for which Mr. Grote contended to the same poet who was the original author of the *Odyssey*. Mr. Grote's argument that certain books of the *Iliad* were insertions later than the original scheme of the poem was grounded wholly on his view of the scheme of the poem—that, without these books, the poem would really be what it professes to be in its first verse, a lay of the wrath of Achilles, a true Achilleid, while in the *Iliad*, as we now have it, Achilles and his wrath are so long kept out of sight that they cannot be called the main subject of the whole

poem. Mr. Grote argued that these books were inconsistent with the structure and design of the poem, but he did not argue that they differed in any material respect, in spirit or language or in the way of looking at particular persons, from the other books of the *Iliad*. He could not have drawn any marked distinction between them when he thought it possible that the enlargement of the poem might have been the work of the original poet himself. Mr. Geddes, starting from Mr. Grote's position, tries to show that there are marked differences of several kinds between these supposed inserted books and the other books of the *Iliad*; and he strives to show that, in all the points in which the inserted books differ from the original books, they show a likeness to the *Odyssey*. First and foremost, Odysseus, the hero of the *Odyssey*, fills a part and appears in a character in these inserted books which agrees with the part which he plays in the *Odyssey*, but does not agree with the part which he plays in the other books of the *Iliad*. This main point of difference and of agreement is accompanied by lesser points of agreement with the *Odyssey* and of difference from the other books of the *Iliad*. Mr. Geddes's inference is, not only that the *Iliad* as we have it was formed by enlargement out of an earlier Achilleid, but that it was the poet of the *Odyssey* who enlarged it.

The theory is a bold one, and one which it would be rash to accept, as it would be rash to reject it, without long and careful thought. Its strong point is its relation to the theory of Mr. Grote. Mr. Grote is led to his conclusion by one set of arguments; Mr. Geddes steps in and strengthens that conclusion by quite another set of arguments which Mr. Grote seems not to have thought of. Mr. Geddes notices certain peculiarities, certain points of likeness to the *Odyssey*, in certain books of the *Iliad*, and in those books only. It is certainly a strong point that these should be the very books which, on quite other grounds, have been thought to be insertions in the original poem. Doubtless the case for Mr. Geddes's theory would have been yet stronger if the coincidence had been altogether undesigned, if Mr. Geddes had come to his conclusion quite independently, without any knowledge of what Mr. Grote had written. But this could hardly be; and, even without it, the case has the strength of a case which is supported by two wholly distinct lines of argument. The books which Mr. Geddes conceives the poet of the *Odyssey* to have inserted in the original Achilleid are the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth, together with certain particular episodes in the other books. In all these he sees certain features of agreement with the *Odyssey* which are not shared by the other books of the *Iliad*. He mentions four chief points which we had best give in his own words:—

1. A large outlook to and acquaintance with the outside world, and a considerable familiarity with the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, including Egypt and Phoenicia.

2. Pathos and humour in large measure—the humour in the case of the gods falling occasionally into the burlesque.

3. High appreciation of conjugal honour and affection.

4. Lofty estimate of intelligence, and of Ulysses as its highest impersonation.

The first and the last of Mr. Geddes's four points seem to us the strongest; at all events they are the most obvious. The *Odyssey*, as every one must have remarked, shows, on the whole, a much wider range of geographical knowledge than the *Iliad*. But the particular passages in the *Iliad* which show anything like the same amount of geographical knowledge as the *Odyssey* belong to those books which Mr. Grote, on quite other grounds, ruled to be insertions in an earlier Achilleid. So it is with the passages which show any approach—but a faint approach at the best—to the feeling of Hellenic nationality, any approach to the later and more extended use of the name Hellas, any feeling of the difference of language between Greek and barbarian. Sidon and Egypt were known to the poet of the *Odyssey* and to the poet of these books of the *Iliad*. There is no sign of such knowledge in the other books. So too the famous passage which, alone in the Homeric poems, seems to show a knowledge of the art of writing, is found in that part of the *Iliad* which shows this special knowledge of the land whence writing came to Greece.

Mr. Geddes goes on to reckon up several other points of likeness between these books and the *Odyssey*, specially in the striking analogy between Hector and Andromache in the one poem, Odysseus and Penelope in the other. So the Thersites of one answers to the Iros of the other, and in each case it is by the hand of Odysseus that the chastisement is given. So in each poem we find Ares and Aphrodite in a shameful and ludicrous position, though the nature of the position is quite different in the two cases. But of course the great point is that in these books of the *Iliad* Odysseus assumes an importance which does not belong to him elsewhere, and along with Odysseus his chosen companion Diomèdes. This Mr. Geddes works out at length, and the analogies are certainly very striking. Nor does he fail to lay stress on two passages of the *Iliad* which contain a singular form of speech which is found nowhere else in the poems. Odysseus twice speaks of himself as "the father of Telemachos." Nowhere else in the Homeric poems does any man describe himself in this way, like the *Abou So-and-so* of the Arabs. As applied to the story of the *Iliad*, it has no force whatever; as applied to the story of the *Odyssey*, it has the greatest conceivable force. The description could have occurred only to one who had the story of the *Odyssey* strongly in his thoughts. We must confess that, long before we saw Mr. Geddes's article or heard of his theory, we had been struck by these passages and their manifest connexion with the

story of the *Odyssey*. But the only explanations which came into our mind were, either that, after all, and notwithstanding the many arguments against such a belief, the *Odyssey* was really the older poem, or else that the poet of the *Iliad*, when he made those passages, was already planning the *Odyssey*. And we may add another kindred point which has also struck us, and which we think Mr. Geddes does not mention. In the *Doloneia Odysseus* receives the epithet of *τλημεον*. Nothing in the *Iliad* in the least justifies such an epithet. Take in the story of the *Odyssey*, and its fitness becomes clear at once.

All this makes at least a plausible case for the belief that the *Iliad* was, as Mr. Grote held, enlarged out of an older Achilleid, and that the poet who so enlarged it was the poet of the *Odyssey*. Then comes Mr. Geddes's last proposition, that this poet was no other than the personal Homer. We do not see that this doctrine involves, as Mr. Geddes puts it, "an *ὑπερπον πρότερον* by giving the critical precedence to what is assumed to be the secondary and inferior poem." It leaves to the *Iliad*, or rather to the original Achilleid, the precedence in age and originality. The Achilleid must have suggested the *Odyssey*; the poet of the Achilleid may have been the first to take up a Trojan subject; the poet of the *Odyssey* clearly was not. In the plan of the whole poem no one can doubt that the *Odyssey* is superior to the *Iliad* as it stands; only, as Mr. Grote says, the plan of the original Achilleid would be, not perhaps equally skilful, because it would be less complex, but quite as symmetrical and harmonious. And, according to Mr. Geddes's view, it was the poet of the *Odyssey* who destroyed the symmetry of plan in the Achilleid. Mr. Geddes argues that the character of Odysseus the *πολύτροπος* is more Greek than the character of Achilles. The implied argument is that the character of Odysseus is more likely to have come from the ideal Greek poet than the character of Achilles. It is more to the purpose when Mr. Geddes points out that the popular legends about Homer, whatever may have been their origin, connect themselves rather with the *Odyssey* and with the supposed inserted books of the *Iliad* than with the original Achilleid. He remarks also that our earliest notice of Homer, namely in Pindar, is a reference to the story of Odysseus, not to that of Achilles. But when it comes to fixing the exact measure of the works of a personal Homer, the ground certainly becomes a little slippery. Mr. Geddes has pointed out some very remarkable points of connexion between the *Odyssey* and certain books of the *Iliad* as contrasted with others. No doubt there is another side to the question. No doubt some one will be found to answer Mr. Geddes, and to bring objections, possibly conclusive objections, to his conclusions. But Mr. Geddes has certainly done enough to claim a right to a hearing. His arguments are at least strong enough to deserve to be carefully and impartially weighed. His theory is one which should be answered and not lightly cast aside.

BRUGES.

IN the National Gallery there are few pictures more interesting than the portrait of John Arnolfini. It is evidently truthful. It tells us exactly what, four hundred and forty years ago, a Flemish interior was. There is the settle with its lofty seat. There is the bed with its rich hangings. There is the window filled with tinted glass, and the small round mirror set in a framework of minute paintings. A brass chandelier, the despair of modern metal-workers, hangs above, and in it a candle still seems to burn, as it burnt when the inscription on the wall first testified *Johannes de Eyck fuit hic, 1434*. John Arnolfini was evidently a man of taste and a wealthy merchant. He was proud of his beautiful wife, Jeanne de Chenany, of the house he had built, of the furniture he had put into the house. Even his little dog is to be admired, as well as the carpet he has brought from the Levant, the tiny oranges from Malta, the currants from Greece. His own dark purple gown, his wife's green dress with its lace and its precious fur, even his clumsy and her dainty pattens, all are preserved for us by the painter. Within the last seven years the house has been pulled down, notwithstanding a strong effort on the part of an Englishman to save it. The sentimental traveller may stand where it once stood, near a corner of the hideous theatre recently erected, and may endeavour to console himself for its loss by reflecting that it had come to the basest uses before its destruction, that careful drawings had been made of every chamber, and that dozens of houses of the same period still exist in Bruges. Of these another is even more interesting to the English traveller. It has sometimes been asserted that Bourses all over the world take their name from a family of merchants whose house at Bruges was used as an exchange. But the word is older than the house, or even than the family. Mr. Weale, in the new edition of his *Bruges et ses Environs*, which has just appeared (Bruges, Beyaert-De Foort, 1875), shows the fallacy of the story. A branch of the De Baves settled in the Place de la Bourse perhaps as early as the middle of the thirteenth century, and here their house is still to be seen—gutted, altered, restored, and otherwise maltreated—but still bearing their arms, and at one side the device of a city guild, the Smiths, two horse-shoes connected by a chain, and the motto, which, with little alteration of sound, reads like English—*Yser houdt vast*, "iron holds fast." There are, in fact, few foreign cities more full of interest than Bruges, and few also more easily reached from England. The middle passage from Dover to Ostend is short, if severe. Ostend itself is a place to induce melancholy. But

Bruges is close at hand, and, once within its walls, with Mr. Weale as a guide, the traveller who has archeological inclinations is in a paradise. Tourists of this class have been known to go to Bruges "just for a run," and have never returned. There is nothing which can be left unseen, nothing which is not worth seeing. The man who has thoroughly explored Bruges must have made an excursion of several years' duration. It is perhaps as well that the cathedral no longer exists, that the authorities of the place have displayed the same activity which characterizes our insular municipalities, and have put some of the most absorbing antiquities out of reach. Restoration has nowhere done more for the emancipation of the traveller than in Belgium. Yet only too much remains, and the man who hopes by the help of a return ticket to do equal justice to the ecclesiastical and the domestic buildings, to the pictures and the manuscripts, to the outward appearance and the historical associations of Bruges, will find at the end of many days that the task is still before him and is hopeless.

Bruges was last enlarged in 1332, and has not suffered from any very destructive fire or siege since then. The fifty-two bridges are still in existence, though five of the seven gates have disappeared. Although the princely mansions of the foreign merchants are far too large for the modern residences of her impoverished citizens, and have been split into two or more, and divided into tenements, many of them remain. The contests between the people and their rulers which first injured their prosperity did not of necessity destroy the buildings, and the number of specimens of domestic architecture of the fourteenth century, and even of the thirteenth, which may be found in every street is very large. For the most part, these old houses are of brick, but in many cases the front has been whitewashed or plastered over; a few, however, have been restored, and glow in all their pristine ruddy splendour. Of the ancient palace of the Dukes nothing remains. Mr. Weale tells us that it was sold by Philip II. in 1576, and afterwards underwent great alterations. In 1662 the ruins were bought by the English Sisters of the Franciscan Order, and their church, dedicated to "Our Lady of the Seven Dolors," was consecrated in 1664. The Sisters fled to England in 1794, and their convent was seized and sold by the French. A palace of the Counts of Flanders stood near the Hôtel de Ville, and part of the site is now occupied by one of the most picturesque buildings in Bruges. It dates as far back as 1534, but looks to English eyes like a Stuart building. The chamber over a gateway leading out of the square is occupied now by the city archives, among which the curious may see the book of lottery held in 1446, in which the name of John Van Eyck's widow occurs. A portrait of the lady was found some years ago serving as a fishwife's bench. It is now in the Gallery of the Academy. Adjoining the Archives, but in the Hôtel de Ville itself, is the Library, chiefly remarkable for the number of books printed by Colard Mansion, whom Mr. Blades has clearly proved to have been the teacher of our own Caxton. The back of this range of buildings looks on a canal whose waters reflect a singular medley of every style of Flemish architecture from the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries; but injudicious restoration is labouring hard to deprive it of some of its best features. As at Ghent, where the municipality has done much to renew, it would be untrue to say restore, the Town Hall, so here the front of the Hôtel de Ville now presents few features which date further back than 1854. Mr. Weale complains dolefully of the scraping to which the whole facade was subjected, of the removal of every old piece of stone, and the substitution of stone of an inferior quality; of the altered mouldings, and the sculpture all renewed in a debased style; of the chimney, formerly of red brick, now copied in white stone, and many other feats of restoration for which we could find some parallels in our own country. In fact, to quote Mr. Weale's words:—"Aujourd'hui il n'existe de vieux dans la façade que quelques rares morceaux, faciles du reste à reconnaître." Some of the ancient carving, however, has been preserved in the museum of the local Archaeological Society, now placed in the great Belfry, but shortly, we understand, to be removed to a more convenient situation.

A distant view of Bruges is not easily obtained. The flat country which surrounds it on every side, the strait roads flanking every canal, planted on both sides with formal rows of poplars, afford long and sometimes quaint vistas of the kind of scenery which Hobbema loved to paint. But charming as some of these landscapes are, and novel as they seem to our eyes, when we get a few miles out of the town and turn round hoping for a view of the towers and spires, the disappointment is great. Sometimes a glimpse may be obtained, but it is rare, and limited in extent. A nearer view from one of the windmill mounds which border the western side is the best. An elevation of twenty feet on the dilapidated rampart gives a fine prospect of tall churches, gables, and chimneys, and enables the visitor to judge of the comparative height of the three principal towers. That of the Belfry, which from the Place appears so tall, is now seen to be the lowest, and the patched spire of Notre Dame, which at a nearer view is disappointing, comes out boldly as the tallest. The superiority of a square tower for effect is clearly demonstrated. The Belfry once boasted of a conical roof surmounted by the dragon which is now on the clock tower at Ghent. There seems to be no reason to doubt the story which tells us that this famous dragon was brought from the East. Whether it really formed, as some say, the finial of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, is not so clear. The men of Ghent carried it off in 1382, and it still remains with them. The belfry of Bruges boasts to this day of its forty-seven bells,

and the tourist is often first made to realize his absence from England by the sound, faint and confused, of the carillons which play every quarter of an hour, and of which he tries in vain to catch the tune. They jangle pleasantly, but with a purposeless kind of melody, as if the wind had got among the hundred and ninety little hammers; and, to add to the traveller's confusion, the clock strikes the hour half an hour before the time comes, a curious rule which obtains universally throughout Belgium.

But even more remarkable than the churches, halls, and houses of Bruges are the paintings. The Academy is still called by the citizens "de poorter's looge," a name which does not need translation, and its exterior, in spite of much reparation, is sufficiently quaint and picturesque. A grand Van Eyck, representing the Virgin and Child between St. George and St. Donatian, with Master George van der Pale, a canon for whom it was painted, is the chief treasure of the gallery, and the largest picture of the artist extant. It will not compare with some of his smaller works, and is almost eclipsed by a beautiful triptych of Memling's, which hangs beside it. There are several other fine works here, but the lover of this school of art finds his chief enjoyment in the gallery of the Hospital of St. John, near the Church of Notre Dame, where the casket of St. Ursula and so many other grand works of Memling are preserved. This great painter was not a native of Bruges any more than Van Eyck, but here he was established before 1478, and his name appears in the list of citizens who in 1480 joined to lend the money required for the war between Maximilian and the French. According to tradition, he did more than lend money, for he served himself and was wounded, and it is said to be owing to the careful nursing he received in the hospital that he painted for the institution so many beautiful works. The best of them, but one of the smallest, is the triptych painted for the bursar, John Floreins; and the largest, the "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," on the wings of which in grisaille are the portraits of two of the Sisters, we may presume those to whose care he owed his recovery. Other pictures of the school are in all the churches, and Mr. Weale has rescued from oblivion the names of more than one artist whose talents have been long eclipsed by the glory of Van Eyck and Memling. The anecdote is well known of his finding in a picture of the Last Judgment the name of Cornelis written on the open page of the Book of Life; and Gerard Davids, whose masterpiece, now at Rouen, was long considered to be by Memling, owes the preservation of his fame to the same industrious antiquary.

DINNER PARTIES.

IN an age of scientific advance it is curious to note how each branch of knowledge has been developed from the earliest efforts of study. It is a pity that the science of dining, upon which it has been held by many that the success of all other sciences depends, does not in the act of progression leave a record of the various steps in its onward career, and that we are therefore reduced to speculation concerning its most remote forms and their course of improvement. In untutored races the idea of courtesy is knit closely with that of eating, and the friendship of one man for another is measured by the quantity of food transferred from his fingers to the other's mouth. In lonely places where food is hard to come at, its bestowal might be the best possible form that courtesy could assume, and quantity would be a more important consideration than quality. As civilization grew, and the conditions of life became more assured, one would expect that the ancient method of expressing regard for one's fellow-men would become modified according to the altered circumstances of living. Friendship would still be implied by giving food and drink to one's neighbours, but that would cease to be the highest form of social intercourse, and would become a pleasant adjunct of meeting, instead of being its main object. When it was no longer difficult to provide a sufficient quantity for his guests, a host would devote his attention to an artistic view of his entertainment, and arrange it so as to lend a touch of poetry to the material processes of eating and drinking.

The first great step in this direction may be taken to have been the introduction of servants, plates and knives and forks, as middle terms between host and guest. In the present day the spread of wealth, and the consequent conversion of what were luxuries into things of daily use, have opened an almost boundless field to the possibilities of dining—a field, however, which has hardly been cultivated to the utmost. No doubt a great deal has been done in the last few years; the introduction, for instance, of the Russian dinner has lifted a vast burden from the shoulders of hosts in allowing them to mix in conversation with their guests without having to devote their attention at the same time to the troublesome task of carving. And, in spite of the good old-fashioned people who like to see their dinner before them, and like that dinner to be a heavy joint, it will be generally conceded that the improvement in this respect is considerable. But the advance of excellence in other matters has hardly kept pace with the advance of knowledge. Dinners are still disfigured by a useless profusion, an absurd piling together of dishes out of which by skilful arrangement an admirable dinner might be constructed, and an oppressive length, that come from vanity and lead to vexation of spirit. That the barbarous magnificence of private English dinners is not caused, as was that of Roman dinners, by greediness may be fairly assumed from the fact that no single guest ever makes acquaint-

ance with more than half the dishes offered to him. It may no doubt be urged on the other side that it is well to provide a variety from which judicious selection may be made, but amid an excessive variety the will is puzzled and the judgment confused.

Superfluous variety also causes the inordinate duration which is ruinous to the well-being of dinners. If one is fortunate enough to have a pleasant companion during dinner the edge of even the brightest conversation is liable to be dulled by being employed too long. The torment experienced under the same circumstances in the case of ungenial companionship most people have probably experienced. It is bad enough if, having opened up subject after subject and produced nothing better than monosyllabic answers, you are forced to subside into a dreary silence, and to concentrate your faculties upon making the best combination possible out of the heterogeneous materials for dinner set before you. A yet worse thing than this, however, may befall you. It may be that the lady whom you are privileged to take into dinner imagines herself to be charged with a mission, and has cut short all endeavours on your part at conversation, not from shyness or ignorance, but with a deliberate purpose. If this be so, she will follow the course which has been seen to be adopted by a distributor of tracts in a railway-carriage, who, observing a nervous-looking boy occupied in reading a novel, begged for permission to glance at his book for a moment, and immediately filled its place with a selection from his own provision of literature. In like manner the woman with a mission will carefully exhaust all her neighbour's resources, and, when he is completely defenceless, will attack him with all her eloquence. It is useless for him to hint at the outset that his opinions upon the subject which engrosses her have been formed long ago, and are not likely to be altered. Herein she will only discern a greater possible glory to be gained by bringing him over to her views. In this case the constant handing round of endless dishes which breaks in disagreeably upon a pleasant conversation may become a blessing by giving the victim at least a temporary escape. But he may not be able to avail himself of any such chance, and then he will be in a parlous state. He will be compelled not only to listen, which is bad, but to answer, which is worse, either until the company is broken up, or until he is driven by sheer despair and weariness to give such kind of assent to the propositions offered as will satisfy their suggestor. If he is so far overmastered by fatigue as to take this step, to the sufferings already inflicted upon him will be added the self-inflicted one of an uneasy conscience.

For the ill-advised assortment of guests which leads to such miseries as these the rules of etiquette and precedence are partly responsible, as it may be impossible without outraging these to place together the persons among the company whose thoughts and speech would harmonize most happily. And it is to be observed that in the matter of assorting guests we have made an advance upon the habits of our forefathers, who considered that if the dinner was sufficient it mattered little in whose immediate company each guest should eat it. A little more attention, however, paid to making each person acquainted with his fellows' tastes or specialities would make a great difference in general comfort. It would be easy, for instance, to take such precautions that one sitting next to a zealous Roman Catholic should avoid discussion of the Vatican decrees, and that the neighbour of an unsuccessful author should make no comment upon the indiscriminate habit of writing. It would of course involve endless trouble if a descriptive catalogue of the other invited guests were sent out with each invitation. But, considering that the extent of modern dinner-tables renders anything like general conversation impossible, it might be worth while to consider a suggestion made in Walker's *Original*—a book, or rather a collection of papers, which, in spite of a new edition, is too little known in the present day. The writer of that work, who devoted not a little consideration and skill to his essays "On the Art of Dining," suggested that at dinners where there were so many guests that they were unable to mix in common talk, and conversed in knots of three or four, the practice which was then beginning, and has since become common, at ball suppers of providing a quantity of small tables, in place of a single long one, should be turned to account. If this were done, and if the people destined to come in contact at each table were carefully assorted, it would be no great trouble to inform each one of what companions he might expect; and then the meaningless phrase "To meet So-and-So" appended to evening invitations might acquire a special value with reference to dinners. The privilege of meeting distinguished personages conveyed by this phrase usually amounts to a gracious extension from the host to the guest of the common rights of humanity. For, unless the guest also is a distinguished personage, he will probably gain no more by the favour thus accorded to him than he might get for himself any day with no more pains in a public thoroughfare. The person who is the central point of the party is certain to be beset by a crowd of people composed, in the first place, of those who like and admire him; in the second, of those who like and admire the fashion of the day which makes an idol of him. And there will be great difficulties in the way of piercing this complicated crowd so as to obtain any better acquaintance with its object than might be got by watching him as he passed in the street, or even studying his photograph in the shop windows. To a man of a sensitive temperament, besides the physical obstacles presented by such a state of things, the fear of appearing forward or pushing will arise; while watching for an opportunity of doing that which he is invited to do, he will weary of the things which he is forced to watch; and, having gone with a strong desire to become ac-

quainted with the person whom he is asked to meet, he may go away with a determination never to make such an attempt again. And, further, his gradual conversion from pleasant expectation to disappointed ill humour will very likely take the shape of unjust rancour against the former object of his devotion, who is probably fully as much the victim of circumstances as himself. To avoid the occurrence of such mishaps as this, at least at dinners, by some modification of Walker's idea, seems, if not easy, at any rate possible. It is true that telling off two or three favoured people to be the companions during dinner of one person with whom all desire to be in company would give rise to great difficulties in the direction of jealousy and other evil passions; but that is equally true of all innovations. There is also this to be said in favour of the present system, that, if one really good talker is secured, he may carry upon his shoulders the whole weight of any dinner of ordinary size and ordinary want of arrangement. But if that one good talker fails at the last moment, what becomes of the other components of the feast, whose province it is to listen, and who are left without anything to listen to? The important part of the performance cannot well be understudied in case of a hitch, and the affair has to run its course without even the resource of some one kindly volunteering to read the part. Disappointment and discontent will set in at the first news of failure, and, unless the manager of the entertainment is gifted with unusual resources, will overshadow the whole night. A sullen gloom will prevail, expressed in a dropping half-hearted attempt at talk which is far more depressing than the deepest silence, until every one will long for some such accident as the fall of the hangings at Nasidienu's dinner to break the terrible monotony.

Besides the inherent defects in a typical modern dinner, some of which have been here touched upon, it may be observed that the late hour at which dinners take place is likely to be prejudicial to their success. People should come to a feast with minds and bodies in such a state that they require only a slight stimulant of cheerfulness and refreshment to arouse them into full life. But when one considers the amount of social hard work got through in the course of a day in the season by women, one cannot think it probable that they at least should arrive at their hardly-earned dinner in this desirable condition. Every hour in the day has its appointed task, and there is probably more of duty than pleasure in leaving the coolness of the parlour to make one item in a crowd around a dinner-table. As far as men are concerned, the fashion of entertaining at breakfast may possibly give to some extent the opportunity for social intercourse which dinner seldom affords. But while there are some happy men who are invariably fresh and unwearied at breakfast, there are others to whom it is the most trying time of the day, who feel unfitted to cope with society at that early time, and who find it as difficult to talk as players do to act in broad daylight. Also men's business and desires are apt to spare them little time to devote to society in any form during the morning. Thus, unless the French method of getting one's morning work over by eleven or twelve, and then having an interval, could be adopted, there must always be considerable difficulties in the way of breakfast parties. But there is in them this advantage at least, that a man who sets himself to collect a party at breakfast is less under the influence of convention than one who gives a dinner, and is therefore likely to invite his guests more for their individual qualities than to complete the furniture of his table.

THE CAMBRIANS AT CARMARTHEN.

IN spite of the heavy rains which tried their perseverance in the first two days' excursions, many things conduced to render the gathering of the Cambrian Archaeologists at Carmarthen exceptionally successful. In the first place, the President of the year was one who had been connected with the Association from the outset, and given it valuable help in its day of small beginnings; and who, after what he politely called his long exile in England, had been by common consent chosen for President at the Thirtieth Congress, the first after his return to the Principality as a Bishop. In the next place, the presidency of the Bishop of St. David's was supported by the presence of the historian of the Norman Conquest, his colleague in the history of St. David's, and his like-minded fellow-worker at Oxford and in after life. No better illustration of the gain of intellectual working in couples could be found than the opportune enforcement of Dr. Basil Jones's suggestive opening address to his fellow-Cambrian archaeologists by Mr. Freeman, in his remarks upon a myth-beclouded paper on the history of Llanstephan Castle, and in the canons of historical criticism which he took occasion to lay down during the excursions and evening meetings. Too long has the Cambrian Association rested on its oars as if the race had been won, and seemed to forget that the accumulation of unconnected papers and descriptions of camps, cairns, and castles ought to be only viewed as preliminary to a systematic structure of Welsh history, philosophic and critical. There has been enough of this sort of straggling in disconnected papers of the *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, which, however valuable in their way, can only be regarded as the raw material of archaeological science.

Dr. Basil Jones, after gracefully referring to the rise and progress of a Society which since he first knew it had doubled its numbers, established its status among Archaeological Associations, and done good service by its researches, proceeded

to sketch out the work still remaining for it to achieve—work in the ethnological, philological, linguistic, and historical lines. He urged the importance of concentrating competent research upon the ancient literature of Wales (for example, in the sifting of its Triads, and early Bardic remains), upon the question of the vitality of the Latin language among the Welsh after the withdrawal of the race that introduced it, and upon the problems of comparative mythology which Welsh literature might assist them to solve. He invited skilled inquirers to the task of piercing “the twilight of the old Roman world—the dawn of the middle age—an epoch beset with difficulties historical and ethnological,” and opening a vast number of subsidiary problems. Further, he touched on the department of early monumental epigraphy both in Wales and elsewhere, and urged renewed attention to the cases “where beside a Latin inscription in debased Roman characters” was found “another inscription, sometimes a Celtic rendering of it, in a rude cryptic alphabet, the key to which was discovered in Ireland.” This timely impetus to the zeal of Mr. John Rhys, the philologist and scholar whose researches bid fair to supply what has hitherto been lacking to Welsh paleography as expounded by Professor Westwood, did not miss its mark during the week, when the veteran reader of inscribed stones, and the more youthful enthusiast who has so great an advantage in the extent and breadth of his observation and the keenness of his intellectual tools, might be seen afield passing from the stage of *amantium iree* into that of *amoris integratio*, cemented by every fresh rubbing of an incised stone, and every candid concession of a doubtful and disputable letter. But the Bishop's great point was when he pleaded for “a continuous history of Wales from the Teutonic conquest of England to the end of the reign of Henry VIII.” It is true that the preliminary researches which he laid down as essential, into charters, letters, family relics, and documents of a kindred nature, over and above the chronicles and national poetry, amounted to so formidable a task that members of the Association, as well as mere casual listeners, might almost have suspected a dash of irony in the speaker's requirements for the coming historian; but his words bore fruit ere the week was ended in the summary suppression of that haphazard sort of history which has hitherto been freely offered for the satisfaction of uncritical ears, without regard to the rules of experience and common sense as to the average duration of human life and the number of generations that can find probable room in a century. The remarks of Mr. Freeman on the true method of writing Welsh history arose, as has been already mentioned, out of a paper read at the evening meeting on the day when Llanstephan Castle was visited; and it need be no matter of regret that in that paper the names of such mythic personages as Banquo and Fleance and Macbeth jostled with Nest and Llewelyn and Rhys and other local names, inasmuch as it provoked some plain speaking on the need of a critical history of Wales from the departure of the Romans till the merging of Welsh and English history into one. “No one had attempted to write the history of Wales in the critical spirit in which other histories had been written,” and the consequence was that the historian of the reigns of Harold, Rufus, or Henry II., had to grope in darkness when seeking to unravel the collateral admixture of Welsh history with these reigns.

Even in the duel of paleographers Mr. Freeman interposed to good purpose by asking if any approximation to the date of Welsh inscribed stones could be arrived at, and suggesting modes of divining it by such inquiries as that of the duration of the use of *pronomina* in Britain after the departure of the Romans. They were not found after the sixth century. But historic truth is still more indebted to him for his bold endeavours to lay the ubiquitous ghost of Oliver Cromwell, here, as elsewhere, cropping up in the popular account of every castle, crag, or ruinous church, and flitting past us at Llanstephan and Laugharne as a destructive of fabulous locomotive powers. The story of his horses at Llanstephan was capped by one of the Town sexton about the nose and toes of an effigy in that church; and it was certainly rash in the local secretary to stop the carriages on Wednesday at Cynfelin Elfed for the purpose of inspecting a chimney-corner in an ancient public-house, on the not ancient bench of which the Protector is said to have sat. He had certainly set no mark upon it, such as the votaries of “St. Canneu” have set upon the stone seat of that Cambro-British saint of healing virtues near Llangan and Whitland, the detrition of which is said to be due to a still current faith that they will be heard for their much sitting. The inscription on this stone struck us as proving too much to be really genuine. The saint's name was certainly there, but the last syllable looked like the work of a recent botcher, laudably anxious to give a finish to the imperfect first syllable, even at the risk of dubious orthography. On the whole, we do not doubt that considerable additions were made to the list of interpretable incised stones, though it would need familiarity with horizontal I's, and quaintly-shaped Q's, and varieties of A and R, and N's not joined at the vertex of the angles, to be able to follow the experts, who are only as yet in distant prospect of agreement in these matters. But a great deal may be done by accurate transcripts; and here we may remark that the presence of so experienced an artist as Mr. Worthington Smith, an engraver of long experience, and as well known to English botanists as to Irish archaeologists, is a new feature in the Cambrian Society, and we hope a permanent one. In addition to the rubbings of the professors, there will now be the veracious though rapid reproductions of the cameras, faithfully perpetuated in wood-engraving. In Wednesday's proceedings little light was thrown on the inscribed stones at Traws-

mawr, where one stone has the inscription, "Severini Fili Severi"; another CYNECN; and another a cross of a peculiar character; but in the Thursday's excursion on the farm of Parkau, in the parish of Henllan Amgoed, a stone with the inscription which Camden mentioned and read CAII MENVENDANI FILI BARCUNI, the final r's of the second and fourth words being horizontal, was shown, by exact transcription and enlarged experience of paleographic lettering, to afford no warranty for the Roman prænomen, as the c is really a q, and the first word reads "Quenwendani." In an inscription discoursed upon by Professor Westwood early in the week there was a difference of reading, in which the variants were *Juli* and *Justi*. But this kind of epigraphic inquiry is really in its infancy, and cautious inquirers will suspend their decision until the appearance of Professor Westwood's promised volumes, which will be all the more valuable if the overtures of peace and amity between himself and Mr. John Rhys should develop into a hearty alliance.

More impressive, because even more mysterious, were the cromlechs visited in the week's campaign—prehistoric memorials in which Wales is rich, and the neighbourhood of Carmarthen more especially so. Near the singular and unexplained, but possibly præ-Roman earthworks of Clawddmawr, visited in Wednesday's excursion—a dyke which stretched at right angles over a mile and a half—were visited, at Meini Cerrig Llwyddion, the remains of no fewer than five "cromlechau," close to which was a cairn embracing a circle of 70 ft. by 60, and at a distance of twenty-six yards a circular camp unmistakably traceable. Of these cromlechs the curious were enabled to learn the most recent history from one Davy Davies, who volunteered his services as guide, and ingenuously (perhaps relying on the screen of his vernacular) confessed to having blasted the capstone of one of these sepulchral memorials for the purpose of getting road-materials. But the group even in its present condition is impressive in its grandeur and mystery. There is one depressed but tolerably perfect cromlech with a capstone of 11 ft. in length and of unequal width, resting on a couple of upright stones; whilst other supporting stones of this or one of the other caps have been made to do duty in a stone boundary fence, or, as in so many other instances, to pay the double debt of cromlech props and gateposts. On the first day of the excursions a *détour* was made to the ruined cromlech of Llwyndu, on the return from Llanstephan; but there the capstone is clean gone, and though the use of the remaining stones is sufficiently pronounced, the chief interest lay in the fact of their belonging to different geological formations from those which might have been expected in this neighbourhood. Here, as elsewhere during the week, the experience of Professor McKenna Hughes of Cambridge was as helpful in his own department as was that of the veteran Mr. Matthew Holbeche Bloxam amidst church monuments and architecture. Mr. Hughes's lucid speech at Thursday's evening meeting as to the evidence of the Coygan bone caves touching the antiquity of man will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear it. The grand cromlech of the week, however, was that at Dolwylyn, on the slope of a secluded valley not far from Llanbody Church, in the course of the river Taf. It would seem to have been hitherto overlooked by explorers, though a drawing of it by Miss Schaw Protheroe, the sister of the proprietor, has been engraved in Dr. Nicholas's *Annals and Antiquities of the Welsh Counties*. The capstone here is exceptionally massive, standing on four prop-stones, as usual, fine-drawn towards their apex; and whilst it cannot compare in grace with the cromlech at Pentre-Evan, noticed in our recent article on Pembrokeshire and Teifi-side, we are not sure that it does not give a grander impression of the prehistoric engineering skill which so effectually perpetuated the memorials of "some great chief without a name." In the interior of this cromlech there appeared to be tokens of an inscription, a rare thing, not to say suspicious, in British cromlechs; but the "finds" of the week afforded no parallel to the orifice in the rear-stone at St. Lythian's in Glamorganshire, which seems to be the only argument against the theory that these cromlechau were mound over, and, as it were, barrowed.

Of camps and earthworks seen during the week, the small but perfect mediæval one, of perhaps the twelfth century, at Cwm Castell, and another *castell* or two of ancient date near Llanbody and Llanglydwen, were the most noticeable; but we must pass them by to speak of the churches and castles of the district. The first of the former, St. Peter's at Carmarthen, possesses little of interest save a very fine altar tomb of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, K.G., an historic Welshman who died in 1527, and whose effigy on the tomb measures 7 ft. 6 in., though there was evidence to show that in life he stood but 5 ft. 8 in. Mr. Bloxam did the honours of this monument with his usual nicely of description, noticing, *inter alia*, the flowing locks which Sir Rhys is represented as wearing, instead of the close-cut hair of the period. The abnormal length of his effigy is explained by the fact of its having been made to order in his lifetime; and a comparison of the length of his wife Eva beside him may perhaps show his ideas as to the inferiority of the weaker vessel. The Castle at Carmarthen, on the site, like Llanstephan, of an ancient British fortress, which had traces also of Roman occupation, is so much built upon by the county gaol, which Cambrian thrift apparently regards as the best way of preserving ancient memorials, that it is hard to discriminate old from new. Llanstephan Castle is a fine shell on a commanding outlook over the village and the Towy, having two remaining gateways worth notice, one blocked up and the other beside it. A great deal of unsystematic lore as

to its dates and history was offered at the evening meeting, though the rain had forbidden much personal survey in the morning. What does remain tolerably perfect or intelligible of the building is of the ordinary work of the fourteenth century. There are remains in one chamber of a handsome fireplace. The church at Llanstephan has one of those embattled towers, so common in South Wales, which are of an early and military type, but run on until the sixteenth century; for the rude arches of the interior, rising from the ground and having no piers, no date could be assigned. At another of the churches visited during the week similar arches, though a little less rude, were to be observed. The Norman castle of Laugharne was visited only by a section of the archaeologists, but these brought back a report of an imposing ruin, and of a set of priest's robes in the church, given to its ministers by Sir Guido de Brian, who has the credit of having rebuilt the castle. The rest of the party, greatly reinforced by weekly-ticket holders, pursued their way to Llandilo Bridge, so as to include in their afternoon's work a sight of Dryslwyn Castle, a scanty but bold ruin commanding the fords of the Towy opposite Golden Grove; and thence they repaired to Dynevyr itself, where the ruins of the old castle stand high on a sheer rock amidst a mass of sheltering oaks. Little can be divined as to the date or characteristics of the fortress because, in the language of a local gossip, "the ruin is draped in the immortal green of ivy." We could have wished the excursion had included Cerrig-Cennen Castle, a striking ruin seated on an insulated limestone rock four miles to the S.E. of Llandilo, and affording as good a view of the Vale of Towy as the keep of Dynevyr Castle. The three castles are associated in a tradition that Dynevyr was the residence, Dryslwyn the coronation place, and Cerrig-Cennen the stronghold of the Rhys family while they were princes of Wales. The present interest of Dynevyr is centred in its undulating deer-park, its magnificent trees, and the evidences of cultivation and improvement of a splendidly situated demesne. Llandilo Church, of which but a glimpse was had on the road back, is modern in all but its tower, having been one of Sir G. G. Scott's earliest restorations. It resembles the Vale of Clwyd churches somewhat in structure; but we trust that some guardian angel or patron saint may avert the execution of a scheme of which we hear for raising some ten or fifteen feet its quite characteristic tower. By far the most memorable church and castle of the week were those of Kidwelly, an ancient and decaying town still containing a certain number of Edwardian houses, and an old bridge over the tidal Gwendraeth, which serves as a moat to two sides of the castle. Traces still exist of the English and Welsh towns, and the visitor who has leisure might find tokens of the Englishry and Welshry which, up to the time of Athelstan, shared this quaint historic settlement between them. The archaeologists had but time to examine the church, which is a mixture of the monastic and the parish church, not quite cruciform, the transepts merely projecting from the nave of unusual width, which, to judge from a buttress now *apropos* of nothing, must have stretched further to the west and been of very unusual length. The tower, too, is of an uncommon type, not rising from the west end of the nave, nor yet the east, but springing from very near the middle of the church, and having the appearance of a thirteenth-century tower, on which a local architect has grafted a quasi-Northamptonshire spire. The church itself, which is of the fourteenth century, was lucidly described by Mr. Freeman, who also, in the absence of Mr. Clark of Dowlaish, led the archaeologists round the ancient castle. This was the subject of a paper by Mr. Clark in one of the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. The castle is in form quadrangular, with four curtains and round towers, and a grand gate-house at the south end. Its date would seem to be of the era of Edward I. Its gem is the chapel, with a polygonal apse and a clerestory with a priest's room or vestry attached. Whether regarded from within or without the walls, this chapel is exceedingly beautiful. The whole of Kidwelly, however, merits a much fuller commemoration than our limits will allow. The hospitalities of the week will have left a pleasant remembrance of Carmarthen and Abergavenny on the minds of visitors; and all who were present will gladly look forward to the meeting of 1876, which is to be held at Abergavenny, with Mr. Freeman as President.

THE TIMES ON THE BONN CONFERENCE.

IT was "a grave mistake," in the opinion of the *Times*, to admit Special Correspondents to the debates of the Reunion Conference at Bonn; and the *Times*, it must be owned, has excellent cause to think so. All the world knows by this time that a bull in a china-shop is not a more incongruous apparition than the *Times* at a theological conference; but even those most familiar with the speculations of the leading journal in the regions of theology and ecclesiastical history must have been startled by the series of articles in which it discussed the proceedings and purpose of the Bonn Conference. Those articles are more than a literary curiosity; they rise to the dignity of a portent. For whom were they written? Can it really be true that there is still a considerable section of the British public whose intellectual organs are so crude and undeveloped that they can digest the kind of stuff with which the *Times* has lately been feeding them? It would seem so, for, if there had been no demand, the supply would hardly have been so abundant. But the question is a serious one. Here we are in the latter half of

the nineteenth century, with all the lights of the modern world gleaming around us; and here, at the same time, is the great journal of Printing House Square rubbing its eyes and betraying as much ignorance as if it suddenly emerged from the Catacombs after some centuries of unbroken slumber. The divines assembled at Bonn went thither, according to the *Times*, to "seek for the re-unification of Christianity." We have often heard of the reunion of Christendom, but what "the re-unification of Christianity" means we are quite unable to divine. From some remarks which the writer drops further on we are led to infer that "the re-unification of Christianity" is something analogous to "the codification of our own laws," and is, therefore, "a task which would give all the theological acuteness and learning in the world abundant work for at least half-a-dozen centuries." Having arrived at this conclusion, the *Times* proceeds to lecture the "ecclesiastical antiquaries" assembled at Bonn from the lofty pedestal of its own superior knowledge. And very curious and original are some of the suggestions and a good deal of the information which it imparts. The Conference, it appears, was "made up, in the first place, of a few German divines who believe the whole of the Roman Catholic creed, except the infallibility of the Pope." We had always thought that the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary had been for some time a dogma of "the Roman Catholic creed," and the *Times*' own report of the Bonn Conference last year chronicled the repudiation of that dogma by the Old Catholics, while its report this year recorded the appeal of the Old Catholics to the creeds and dogmatic decisions of "the ancient undivided Church." This implies, of course, the repudiation of all subsequent innovations. But the *Times* probably thinks that "the Roman Catholic creed" is synonymous with Christianity from the death of the Apostle John to the marriage of Martin Luther. It appears further that "the English clergymen" who took part in the Conference are persons "who, if they could believe the Pope to be infallible, would differ from him only in a few metaphysical subtleties and a few trivial points of ritual." Now, to ordinary intellects it would seem that, if men "could believe the Pope to be infallible," that would be a very good reason for agreeing with him, but a very odd reason for "differing from him." But then the intellects which preside over the theological department of the *Times* are not ordinary intellects. The one which has been enlightening the world with its ideas on the Bonn Conference belongs, in particular, to an extraordinary type. We have seen how well he understands the intentions and theological positions of Old Catholic and Anglican Churchmen. But there happened to be at the Conference also churchmen from the wonder-laden East, and the theologian of the *Times* felt that he must rise to the occasion. The Special Correspondent, writing ingenuously on unfamiliar themes, had telegraphed that, among the strange creatures which had just arrived from the East, were a couple or more of "Archimandrids." What could an "Archimandrid" be? Was it the first specimen of a new species in ecclesiastical zoology, or the archaic relic of a moribund one? The *Times*' theologian evidently could not tell, yet was ashamed to say so. So he "dipped his pencil in the splendour of Oriental skies," to quote a phrase of Mr. Disraeli's, and veiled his perplexity by an ambiguous periphrasis. "An Oriental haze," he said, "is added by some Greek Churchmen." And out of that "Oriental haze" the theologian of the *Times* never succeeded in finding his way during the remainder of his lucubrations. This must be borne in mind while we trace the development of his ideas. People are apt to be nervous in a mist. Surrounding objects assume distorted shapes, and are magnified beyond their due proportions. Bearing in mind, then, the "Oriental haze" diffused in Printing-house Square by the apparition of the unsuspecting "Archimandrids," our readers will have less difficulty in understanding the state of mind which could produce the following excerpts of curious information.

The *Times*, being in "an Oriental haze," naturally does "not see why, if the Council of Trent was infallible, as Dr. Döllinger holds it to have been, Pius IX. may not be infallible too." The rest of the world, however, is aware that Dr. Döllinger has more than once repudiated the opinion here attributed to him, and that this repudiation was put on the formal records of the Bonn Conference last year. But, even if this were not so, the argument of the *Times* will not bear examination. It thinks that "it is quite as easy to believe in the infallibility of one man as in the infallibility of five, six, or seven hundred." That is to say, the *Times* does not see the difference between historical testimony and personal illumination. The Church has accepted the infallibility of early Ecumenical Councils, not from any belief in the personal infallibility of the assembled Fathers, but because it was considered morally impossible that witnesses assembled from all quarters of the world, and delivering their testimony in respect of some disputed historical fact, could be mistaken when their verdict was unanimous. The question decided in the Nicene Council was, no doubt, a dogma of faith; but it was a dogma because it was proved by historical evidence that it had always been part of the original deposit. "All who are distinctly Protestant," says the *Times*, "know that they differ from Dr. Döllinger as much as they differ from the Pope, and that they could come to an agreement with him only by surrendering beliefs to which they attach immeasurably more importance than they do to their dissent from the decree of Papal Infallibility." We do not profess to know what the *Times* means by "all who are distinctly Protestant"; but it is clear that they are persons outside the pale of the English Church. For the English Church has emphatically

appealed to the faith and practice of the undivided Church as the standard by which she desires to be guided. The Old Catholics have made the same appeal; and therefore it follows that, however much "all who are distinctively Protestant" may differ from Dr. Döllinger, all who are distinctively loyal to the English Church must agree with him. But there is something worse than flippant ignorance in the passage. It shows that the *Times* and those whose knowledge it represents in this matter have not the faintest glimmer of the portentous revolution which the Vatican dogma has consummated. Ingenious apologists may seek to explain away its import, but the fact remains that it is now an article of faith in the Church of Rome—of faith as imperative in its character and momentous in its consequences as belief in the existence of God—that the dogmatic decisions of the Bishops of Rome, past, present, and to come, are, "of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church," infallible. That is the literal fact which stands plainly out in the midst of a chaos of contradictory explanations. To those who accept the Vatican decrees the irresponsible will of the Roman Pontiff is henceforth the supreme and irrevocable arbiter of that which is to be believed or denied in the sphere of faith and morals—that is, in the entire province of human conduct. Yet the *Times* prattles about it as if it were a question of less importance than the paving of the Strand, or the comparative value of the achievements of Messrs. Boyton and Webb in crossing the Channel.

Time and space, however, would alike fail us were we to expose in detail all the absurdities with which the *Times* regaled its readers on the subject of the Bonn Conference. "The re-unification of Christianity," it oracularly tells us, is an impossible task, and here are the wonderful reasons. "Churchmen would instantly ask, 'Can we work with our new brethren? Do we look at the duties of family, social, and political life in the same way as they do? Has their form of Christianity taken, as a whole, the same practical tendencies as ours? Should we manage our Parliaments, our colonies, our subject races, and the immense responsibilities of our Empire as well as we do now if we were to cast in our lot with the Eastern Church and the Old Catholics?'" What is one to think of a journal which could permit the publication of such sorry stuff as this? "Our Parliament" would be ruined, "our colonies" dismembered, "our subject races" goaded into rebellion, and "the immense responsibilities of our Empire" would be blunted, because, forsooth, an English mechanic in the interior of Russia was admitted to communion in the Eastern Church without renouncing his own. Would it surprise the *Times* to learn that the catastrophe from which it anticipates such a national cataclysm is even now, and has been for some centuries, an actual fact? Whatever a skilful casuist might have to say as to the complicity of the Anglican Church in the excommunication of the Eastern Church by the Pope of Rome, certain it is that ever since our breach with the Papacy the Church of England has placed no barrier whatever between her children and the Eastern Church. But then, says the *Times*, "Englishmen are Protestants to the backbone," and that is a sufficient barrier. And certainly it is so if we are to accept the *Times* as an exponent of Protestantism. "The world has long passed the day," it thinks, "in which it could be convulsed by a strife about a diphthong." This sneer came naturally enough from the pen of Gibbon, and Gibbon, no doubt, was a Protestant, though he ridiculed the doctrine of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. But is this the sort of Protestantism which, according to the *Times*, penetrates Englishmen "to the backbone"? We have too good an opinion of our countrymen to believe it; and when the *Times* has emerged from the "Oriental haze" which the "Archimandrids" have thrown over it, it will probably agree with us. One cannot but regret the discredit which our contemporary's eccentric excursions into the regions of theology are calculated to inflict not only upon its own reputation, but upon the character of English journalism in general. The writer of the articles which we have been criticizing plainly knows nothing of the doctrine or worship of the Eastern Church, or of the intellectual culture of its clergy; and his knowledge of Western Christianity may be gauged by the extracts quoted above. Yet this writer is selected to enlighten the readers of the *Times* on a theological controversy which has shaken Christendom to its centre.

LIFE AT NAPLES.

THERE can be as little question that Naples is one of the most attractive cities in the world as that summer is the season to see it to the best advantage. Naples in the winter time is too often simply dismal. The mountains in the neighbourhood draw the damp from the Mediterranean, and when it does not fall on the city in sleet, it comes down in rain or envelops it in mist. Naples in the early spring is still more trying, because the weather is so treacherous. You are tempted thither by thoughts of its warm latitude, by romantic impressions drawn from operas or poetry, or by delightful reminiscences of visits you have paid later in the year. Possibly your welcome is all that you could wish. The skies are serene, the air is limpid and balmy, the sun is shining with a steady warmth, tempered by a refreshing breeze; the views all around are so clear that the panorama is enchanting. You are lured into prolonging your afternoon drive, although possibly you have an invalid in the party, and very likely you are improvident enough to dispense with wraps. Coming to the hotel towards sunset, you are taken by surprise in the narrow streets and

under the shadows of the tall houses. Strong though you may be yourself, you are unpleasantly conscious of a sudden chill, and may carry home with you an unpleasant *souvenir* in the shape of a cold in the head. As for your invalid, it is lucky if he or she come off so cheaply. For Naples is not unlike Madrid, where, as the proverb says, human life may be extinguished more easily than the flame of a candle. Or if you do come home cheerful and comfortable, the cloudless skies may be overcast next day; something very like a half-frozen cyclone may sweep down upon you from the chilly heights of Vesuvius; in the intervals of heavy plashes of rain that dry almost as fast as they fall, whirlwinds of dust and straw may be drifting along the exposed terraces of the Chiaja; the fierce gusts of wind are tearing your window-shutters from their fastenings, and you scarcely dare open your windows to make all secure. As likely as not, the panes are being bombarded by volleys of monstrous hailstones; and as you are held storm-bound, nothing can well be more depressing than the expulse of leaden-coloured waves that are rolling and breaking before you. As for the romantic life of Naples and the scenes that inspired the spectacles of Masaniello, they are nowhere. The shivering inhabitants have sought shelter in their fireless rooms; and heaven and St. Januarius only know what becomes of the miserable poor who have slunk away to their horrible dens.

In the summer, or later in the spring, all is as different as possible. In the first place, you may count with confidence on the weather. All through the day the motionless waters of the bay reflect the profound blue of the sky; they are only rippled after sunset or in the early morning, when the light breeze blows up to fan the stagnant air in the city. It is extremely hot, no doubt; that you must lay your account with. But then the Neapolitan ices are the most famous in the world; the cocomeros or water melons are sold for a song; spring fruits and Southern vegetables circulate everywhere in trucks and panniers dragged or drawn by philosophic donkeys; and the most refreshing drinks made from the most inexpensive materials are cooled by the snows from the neighbouring mountains. You are indolently disposed of course, thanks to the temperature, and are in the very humour for the laziness of passive enjoyment. You have it to your heart's content in the varied range of views, of which you can never weary. To the right is the stretch of the heights towards the points of classical Misenum, with the white villas and the cottages gleaming out of terraced and trellised gardens and vineyards. To the left is the long sweep of the white suburban villages by the skirts of Vesuvius; and beyond lies Sorrento, with the dark masses of its stone pines rising clear above the undergrowth of cool vegetation. Nothing can be grander than the background of mountains, from St. Angelo of the three peaks onwards and downwards; while, full in front of you are the graceful precipices of Capri, and to the right again the bolder heights of Procida or Ischia. The bay is dotted with every sort of picturesque sail, from the seagoing speronares, with their stumpy masts and interminable yards, to the light fishing-boats going back in ballast after having discharged their loads within the moles. Being lazily inclined, and having your mind soothed into sympathy with your surroundings, you take naturally to the national siesta. You find yourself punctually nodding at a certain hour after a substantial foreign breakfast, and you rouse yourself again, refreshed and ready for some mild exertion, just as all the fashionable world is thinking of emerging like yourself. If you choose to take your drives abroad you may luxuriate in occasional intervals of cooling shade under the steep hills and hanging cliffs of a country that is happily varied; and may admire the effects of the sloping sun as he gilds the distant summits with his rays, or throws them across the bay in dazzling floods of light. Or, if you prefer keeping to the Rotten Row of the place, you are locked in streams of crossing carriages, while the lines of lounging pedestrians crowd themselves on the pavements in the shadow, or group themselves among the shrubs and flowers of the royal gardens. Nowhere else perhaps does so poor a city make so gay a show. There is a money-making element in Naples, no doubt, which tries hard to hold its own by the ostentation of its luxury. But the scions of noble families make it a point of honour not to be beaten so far as appearances go. Ladies and gentlemen who fast, if they do not absolutely starve, in an upper floor of the family palace, turn out of an afternoon in the smartest of equipages and the liveliest of summer toilets. Neapolitans of all classes have learned to take life easily, and make it a matter of conscience to give little thought to the morrow. Keen as he is after gain, the shopkeeper will scarcely disturb himself to serve you if you are indiscreet enough to go about your shopping at an hour when customers should stay at home. The lazzaroni who have earned coppers enough in the morning for the frugal mid-day meal will stretch themselves under the shade of some pile of casks and dismiss all care for their next repast. The beggars only, and there are plenty of them, are comparatively industrious in their avocation. But even the beggars seem in no way cast down if you turn a deaf ear to their importunities, although they may turn on a stream of voluble curses in place of sending you on your way with a blessing. The truth is that the professional mendicants, with whom strangers have the most to do, are about the most well-to-do class of the community; for their wants are few and their receipts considerable, and, taking the average of one day with another, experience tells them that their bread and their water-melons are sure.

Still, in summer as in winter, Naples, like many other cities of the South and the East, is very much of a whitened sepulchre.

Under a brilliant exterior there is much heartaching and wretchedness, with a great deal more of crime and misery than even those who are tolerably familiar with the place suspect. A long letter which appeared the other day in the *Times* calls attention to some remarkable reports that have lately been published in the Italian papers as to the condition of the Neapolitan poor. As in Dante's *Inferno*, there are shown to be successive circles of abject misery, and it would be difficult even for the imagination of a Dante to picture a lower depth than the lowest of these. One of these reports is founded on the investigations of an architect who had been officially employed by the municipality, and whose statements may consequently be supposed to be exceptionally trustworthy. He tells us that in Naples there are ninety-four *fondaci*, or courts, inhabited by the very lowest of the population. Poverty that is comparatively honest is of course occasionally compelled to take refuge in them, but then the progress of demoralization must inevitably be rapid; for their tenants, as a rule, are the very offscourings of the criminal classes. Unless the police were to organize a *razzia* in force, it is difficult to imagine that they can often penetrate them. These dens are "rendered impenetrable by the stench from muck-heaps, which lie and rot from all time; there is often nothing but a bundle of straw on which a whole family, males and females, sleep together. Of cesspools there is truly not a thought." For many of their inhabitants it is almost impossible to venture out of them to enjoy a glimpse of the light and sun so dear to Southerners, or to inhale a breath of the fresher air from the bay; for most of the women are covered with nothing but a single garment, and that hangs floating about them in rags. In these places anything like labour is the rare exception; only a very few of the women are to be seen occupied in mat-making or plaiting straw bottoms for chairs. But in Naples there are some even of those who may fairly claim to be numbered among the industrious classes who are scarcely more comfortably or creditably housed. The rocks on which the city is built, and which give it its picturesque appearance from the sea, are singularly friable. Some of these rocks have been hollowed out into habitations called "grottoes," and these grottoes have hitherto been chiefly occupied by rope and twine makers. Many of them were closed in consequence of the sanitary measures taken during the last serious outbreak of cholera. Some of them, however, still remain open, and their internal economy is thus reported on:—"The entrance did not prepare one for the horrors within. . . . There are only barred openings or windows here and there. . . . All this grotto is crowded with beds as close to each other as those in the Hospital for Incurables. With few exceptions, they are large beds made to contain several people. To describe the filth and poverty would be impossible." Yet even here, as it is pointed out, there is a kind of social scale. Far away from the light and air-holes, lodging may be had for a franc and a half per month, but where the light and the air occasionally filter in, the tariff for accommodation rises as high as ten francs. It is evident that the house accommodation provided for the poor of Naples has by no means kept pace with the growing population and prosperity of the city. Five pounds sterling per annum represents a large sum in Naples, where the cost of labour and of many other things still remains exceptionally moderate.

The unhappy people who tenant these grottoes are fully conscious of their own degradation and misery, although they would be almost powerless to better themselves even if they came of a more energetic race and lived in a more invigorating climate. They crowded round the unaccustomed visitor with their entreaties and complaints, as prisoners sentenced to solitary confinement beset the inspector on his periodical calls. They complained that "they were obliged to live without light, without air, without medical help. When they fall ill, unless they can get to the hospital, they are left to die." And it appears that even a cavern which owes its construction chiefly to nature has its landlord and its middleman like the rookeries and dens in the crowded courts and closes of London; and although it must represent to its proprietor the value of a handsome country estate, he declines to do even the most urgent repairs. Unfortunately, the reports to which we have referred, sensational as they may be thought, seem to have the genuine ring of truth; but it is hard to say how the evil is to be promptly remedied. Even if a municipality that admits its subjection to the tyranny of the Camorra were to interfere, the evil of over-crowding would only be aggravated by shutting up more of those fearful dens. In summer the Neapolitan poor would be rather the better than the worse for sleeping in the open air, but for a good part of the year the days are damp and the nights are piercing. If the central Government of Italy were to interest itself actively in the matter, we fear that it would have to burden its budgets with votes to meet similar claims from every considerable city in the country. One thing is certain in the meantime. So long as such a state of things exists, it is idle to hope to cut at the roots of crime. These uneducated and uncared-for savages must go on preying on the community, were there neither Camorra nor Mafia to seek ready tools among them; and sightseers at Naples will find as startling sights in these *fondaci* and grottoes as in those infamous State prisons of the Bourbons which inspired the indignant eloquence of English statesmen.

THE EXPERIMENT IN RAILWAY CLASSES.

ONE of the chief points of interest in the Reports of the Railway Companies for the last half-year is the light which they throw upon the results of the recent changes in railway fares and classes. It will be remembered that the abolition of second-class carriages and the reduction of first-class fares to the second-class rate was last year suddenly announced by the Midland Directors, who, it appeared, had had the project for several years under consideration, but had previously deemed the practical objections to it insuperable. The difficulties attaching to the position of the Midland, an ambitious and aggressive Company pushing its lines in all directions in competition with other railways, and by its restless scheming rather incurring increased financial liabilities than adding to its resources, probably accounted for the adoption of this startling policy, which the Directors no doubt hoped would tend to advertise their line in a striking way, and also enable them to steal a march upon their rivals. It is usual for the different Companies to take counsel together in regard to important questions of policy affecting the railways generally; but on this occasion the Midland concealed its plans in order to throw other Companies off their guard, and to take advantage of their perplexity and embarrassment under a sudden attack in an unexpected direction. As the innovating Company refused to enter into any discussion of its scheme or to postpone its operation, the Companies which came into competition with it at any point had no alternative but to follow its example, at least as far as the new scale of fares was concerned. They in fact adopted the Midland tariff for first and third class, but at the same time resolved to continue running another class of carriages at an intermediate price. These changes have been in force during the last half-year, and it is interesting to observe what has been their effect.

First of all, we may take the experience of the Midland Company itself. As might be expected, the Board are anxious to make the best of a situation in which their reputation for practical sagacity is at stake, and the Report and the Chairman's speech both give as favourable an account of it as possible. An increase of 50,730*l.* in passenger receipts is announced, and this the Directors think is highly satisfactory. An examination of the figures, however, scarcely leads to the same conclusion. As Mr. Baines has pointed out, the question turns on two considerations—first, whether the increase in passenger receipts goes beyond the average and regular increase which may be usually expected; and next, from what mileage it has been derived. It appears that in the first half of 1873 the passenger receipts increased by 53,300*l.*, and in the first half of 1874 by 44,000*l.*, so that the 50,700*l.* of the last half-year is less than what might have been expected in an ordinary way. Again, an extended mileage naturally yields increased returns; and the Midland lines open and worked, which in the first half of 1873 were only 958 miles, and in that of 1874 997 miles, have since stretched to 1,085. In other words, 88 miles have been added in the last half-year to the working length of the Company, and it is therefore evident that the increase of passenger receipts, as a test of profit, exists only in appearance; in reality, the increase of passenger receipts has been on the whole less than the normal rate. As we examine the figures in detail we also find that the experiment has in other ways failed to realize the sanguine expectations of the Board. It was set forth in the Chairman's circular announcing the change that it would "obtain a greater number of passengers at lower first-class fares." Instead of this being the case, there has been positive decline in the number of the amalgamated first and second-class passengers. In the first half of 1874 there were 567,386 first-class passengers, and 1,275,047 second class, or together 1,842,433. In the last half-year there were only 1,292,419 first-class passengers—that is, of passengers paying second-class fare for first-class accommodation, being fewer by 550,000 than the separate classes together in 1874. And the money receipts of course show a proportional falling-off. On the other hand, there has indeed been an increase in the number of third-class passengers; but the third-class arrangements were just those which were allowed to remain unchanged, and the increase in this branch of traffic has been going on ever since greater facilities were provided for it. What we see then is this, that there has been an actual decline in the number of first and second-class passengers, now forming one class, and an increase in third-class passengers; and the interpretation of these facts is sufficiently obvious. It is simply this, that many of the old sort of first-class passengers have been driven away by the loss of personal comfort caused by crowding the second-class people into first-class carriages, and that a considerable proportion of the second-class travellers, when left to choose between first class at a rate (through the withdrawal of the reduction on return tickets) somewhat higher than the old second class, and the third class, prefer the economy of the latter. The Chairman also stated that the new system had led to diminished working expenses; but this is hardly made out by the accounts rendered. It is of course true, as he remarked, that "the time which has elapsed since the change came into operation has not been sufficiently long fully to test its results"; but it is at least perfectly clear that as yet the change has not been advantageous to the Company, nor has it been accepted by the public in the way expected. The Midland has merely increased its lowest-paid traffic at the expense of its highest, and pleased nobody, except perhaps a few commercial travellers.

When we turn to the Reports of the Companies which chiefly come into competition with the Midland, we find this view of the

case fully confirmed. These Companies considered that they had no alternative but to lower their rates to the level of the Midland tariff, and they have thus been compelled to make a sacrifice of revenue which nobody had ever asked for. First-class passengers had never been heard complaining of the dearness of railway tickets, and were content to pay for the special advantages of ease and room which they were allowed. On the Midland first-class travelling, as hitherto known, is practically abolished, and it is evident that the cramped accommodation and mixed company of the present system are by no means relished by the old class of passengers. The other Companies, however, were wise enough to abstain from going too far in the direction of the Midland's revolutionary policy, which logically points to the ultimate abolition of all classes save one; and, while reducing their fares so as to prevent their rivals from having any advantage over them in this respect, they retained, as most consistent with prevalent habits and tastes, the old division of travellers into three classes—upper, middle, and lower—corresponding to the actual and well-marked composition of society. In this, it seems, experience has justified them. They have lost something by the reduction of fares, but they have at least kept up their traffic. On the London and North-Western the number of first-class passengers has risen in the half-year by 100,000, and of second-class passengers by 254,000, the third class remaining for the present stationary. On the Great Northern there has been an increase of 177,349 first-class passengers, with a decrease of 38,677 in the second class, and an increase of 1,208,871 in the third. It may be supposed that the decrease in second-class passengers is due to some of them taking advantage of the reduced first-class fare; but the Company has resolved to continue the three classes. It is stated that the North London Railway Company, which has been running only first and second-class carriages for twenty years, has recently found it desirable to provide third-class carriages, in order to meet the requirements of travellers.

Summing up the general results of the experiment to the present moment, it would appear that railway shareholders have been wantonly deprived of a considerable amount of revenue upon which they might otherwise have confidently reckoned, without any corresponding benefit to the public. Nothing can be more absurd than that the first-class travellers, who were perfectly contented with the old fares, and would perhaps have had no serious objection even to an increase, should be deprived of the comfort to which they have grown accustomed, and have forced upon them a saving in money to which they are, as a rule, indifferent. On the other hand, the desire of the second-class passengers is rather for cheapness than for superfine accommodation; and this is the large and respectable class which by the Midland system is left to choose between paying for a luxury which is not appreciated, or enduring the unpleasant associations of the lowest class. There can be little doubt that the true policy of Railway Companies is to give people just what they want, and not to attempt to change the manners and social conditions of a nation by fantastic rules. There is a body of rich people who do not mind what they pay as long as they are made comfortable and allowed to enjoy a certain amount of isolation and distinction. This may be described as selfishness and vanity, but it does no great harm, and there is no reason why Railway Companies should not make what they can of it. Then there is a vast body of the respectable middle class who cannot afford to be careless in regard to pecuniary matters, and who feel that there are things better worth paying for than soft cushions and room for stretching your legs. These are quite content with simple accommodation, as long as it is cleanly, but they naturally shrink from the third class, in which they may have to sit cheek by jowl with the very lowest, roughest, and dirtiest of their fellow-creatures. We do not mean of course that this is the general character of the third-class people, but only that this unpleasant companionship is a possible contingency which must at times be encountered. It may be expected that the experience of the Midland Company will before long open their eyes to the true state of the case.

SWIMMING.

IT is easy of course to make too much of Captain Webb's swim across the Channel; yet, with every deduction, it is a remarkable feat, and, though useless in itself, may prove useful in its results by inspiring an interest in a very important exercise, and encouraging practice in it. The first time that Captain Webb attempted the passage, the sea was, as it usually is off Dover, heavy, and he had soon to abandon the effort as hopeless. On the second occasion, when he succeeded, the sea was exceptionally calm, until a short time before his arrival at the other side. There was no wind enough even to fill the sails of the lugger which, with two rowing-boats, attended him, and the crew had to take to their oars. The water was therefore as "smooth as a pond." Captain Webb was also fortunate in catching the right tide, and getting a good start on the ebb; and he had further the assistance of the people in the lugger and the boats, who supplied him from time to time with refreshments, and from whose company he derived that moral support which lay in the knowledge that, at the worst, he would only have to be hauled on board. There is no reason to suppose that this method of crossing the Channel will supersede the present system of transit, or render unnecessary the projected

tunnel. It would clearly have been mere madness in Captain Webb or any one else to attempt this feat, even under the most favourable circumstances, without the assistance of friends in a vessel; and it is obvious that, if a vessel has to be employed, the labour of the swimmer is, as regards the passage, simply idle and superfluous. One boat, we are told, kept constantly in front of Captain Webb to direct his course and to supply him with nutriment or stimulants, such as beef-tea, hot coffee, ale, brandy, &c.; and in the bow of this boat, for the whole twenty-one and three-quarter hours of transit, sat his cousin, who watched his movements and was ready at any moment to attend to his wants. The other boat followed the lugger, on board of which a diver was at hand; and at one time Webb seemed so much exhausted that the diver stripped so as to be ready for a plunge if the necessity arose. Indeed, before the close the diver did enter the water in order to cheer the Captain by his presence and advice. A large rowing-boat from the French side also joined the retinue, and, by keeping on the weather side, proved useful in forming a bulwark for the swimmer against the waves, which had now become somewhat rough. It is stated that, "in strict accordance with the arrangements, no one assisted Captain Webb in the least; but every means were used to give him heart." It will be seen, however, that the feat was accomplished only by the co-operation of a number of persons and boats; and it may be assumed that, if Captain Webb had been alone, he would certainly have perished. A couple of men, or even one man, might have easily crossed at such a time in a boat, whereas a lugger, three boats, and several crews were required to give the swimmer a chance of success. The value of the experiment, therefore, lies, not in its immediate utility, but in the proof which it affords of what can be done by a strong and resolute man in contest with the waves. It must be supposed that Captain Webb is not only a vigorous but a skilful swimmer, for even his exceptional fortitude and power of endurance must have given way if he had not known how to obtain intervals of rest, and to economize his store of force during his tedious and fatiguing progress.

It is clear, at least, that Captain Webb's success casts into the shade the much-vaunted feat of Captain Boyton. The latter had the aid of an elaborate apparatus which buoyed him up in the water and lessened the strain on his physical resources, and he had also a paddle and sail. Captain Webb has shown what it is possible to do without any special equipment; and this is a very important thing, as it will no doubt encourage people to trust rather to skill in swimming than to extraneous aids, which in most cases of danger will not be at hand, and which, even if they are at hand, there may not be time to adjust properly. Captain Webb's achievement is a triumph of swimming pure and simple; and though it could not have been accomplished single-handed, it is an impressive demonstration of the value of the exercise. There are probably few persons who could do what he has done, and he may be presumed to be of an exceptionally robust constitution. Yet a vast saving of life might be effected if people could only be persuaded to take a little pains to acquire, even in a moderate degree, the sort of skill which has enabled Captain Webb to cross the Channel. At this season of the year we are accustomed to be shocked by the number of bathing accidents which periodically happen with the regularity of the harvest or the tides. Scarcely a day passes without one or more disasters of this kind being recorded in the newspapers; and it would appear that the majority of them are due to ignorance of a very simple art, which may be acquired with comparatively little trouble, and which, once acquired, is not likely to be forgotten. Some of the cases which have recently occurred will be in the recollection of our readers. Only a few days ago the pupils and tutors of a school were bathing in the sea near Rhyl, when some of the lads ventured beyond their depth and were "encompassed by the incoming tide." Five were drowned, and several others had a narrow escape. The masters naturally did what they could to save the boys, but it would seem that they were almost as helpless in the water as their charges. It might be supposed that at any school where the pupils were in the habit of bathing care would, as a matter of course, be taken to train the bathers to at least such a degree of expertise in swimming as would render them safe near the shore, especially when the current of the tide was in their favour. At the least, the tutors in charge should be able to swim, or a man in a boat should be stationed outside the range of bathers. In another instance a young man was drowned in the Mole, in spite of the efforts of his companions to rescue him. Two young ladies were lately drowned at Whitby, and there have been other cases in close succession at the Solway Frith, Menai Straits, Isle of Man, the Thames, and elsewhere. A boat with twelve young men in it was capsized near London Bridge on the day of the Thames Regatta, and, though only one was drowned, the preservation of the rest was due simply to the fact that there were other boats near the spot to help them. It is a singular thing that, considering the fondness of Englishmen for physical exercises, and the opportunities for bathing afforded in this country, swimming should be an accomplishment of such comparative rarity. It may be doubted whether the Parisians are not more at home in the water than Londoners. The other day a little girl got beyond her depth in a pond in an English country village, and, though she was seen by a number of people, none would venture to her rescue until at last a young man, bolder than the rest, went in and got her out, but she was then dead. It is possible that an explanation of the apparent inhumanity of the bystanders may be

found in their consciousness of helplessness in the water which they share with so many of their countrymen.

It is difficult to understand why, when so many people enjoy bathing, the exercise of swimming should be so much neglected. Every now and then there is an outcry for more elaborate arrangements at bathing resorts for the protection of bathers, but it would be surely much better if bathers would only take the trouble to learn the art of taking care of themselves. It would hardly suit the spirit of the age to propose that no one should be allowed to bathe who was not provided with a certificate of efficiency in swimming, at least to the extent of a few strokes, or of floating. But there is certainly great need of more general training in this exercise. There is, we believe, a society which undertakes to teach swimming gratuitously, and we are glad to observe that the movement for extending the number of swimming-baths is making progress. The system of river-baths, with which every visitor to Paris is familiar, has now been introduced on the Thames at Charing Cross, and will help to supply an important want. It must be admitted that the ordinary aspect of Thames water as it appears in the river is not attractive, but the Water Companies have long been engaged in educating the public to drink it in its dirty state, and there is no reason why it should not be filtered clean enough for bathing. What is, however, above all important is that swimming should be established as a regular and unfailing part of school education both for boys and girls. If the fashion were once set, it would soon be generally followed, and a school which undertook this duty would have a great superiority in the eyes of parents over those which ignored it. The necessary arrangements might be made without much difficulty, since the art may be learned in a small piece of water almost as well as in a large one. In Mr. Blackmore's well-known novel, *Lorna Doone*, there is a graphic account of the way in which Devonshire lads used to be taught swimming at a former day, which is worth quoting:—

Now the large boys take the small boys, crying sadly for mercy, and thinking, mayhap, of their mothers; with hands laid well at the back of their necks, they bring them up to the crest of the bank upon the eastern side, and make them strip their clothes off. Then the little boys, falling on their naked knees, blubber upwards piteously; but the large boys know what is good for them, and will not be entreated. So they cast them down, one after other, into the splash of the water, and watch them go to the bottom first, and then come up and fight for it, with a blowing and a bubbling. It is a very fair sight to watch, when you know there is little danger, because, although the pool is deep, the current is sure to wash a boy up on the stones, where the end of the depth is.

The moral of the passage is contained in the remark that all the boys learned to swim, "for the greatest point in learning that is to find that you must do it"; and even boys who hated it most came to swim in some fashion when they had been flung for a year or two into Taunton pool. We do not exactly recommend this process in its rude and simple form for adoption at the present time; but it would be better for all if Englishmen were in early youth made to feel themselves quite at ease in the water, and not afraid of a good plunge. It is when young that swimming, like riding, is most readily and thoroughly learned. In each case confidence and self-possession are more than half the battle, and these are not so easily acquired in after life, when the mind has settled into a habit of timidity and distrust. It is possible that at present there is not sufficient number of properly qualified teachers of the exercise, but it is really so simple in itself that there would be little difficulty in supplying this deficiency. It might be less easy of course in some places to provide baths to practise in; but if the importance of this branch of education were once generally appreciated, the means of carrying it on would soon be forthcoming. It is not to be expected that many persons should be able to emulate Captain Webb's daring feat; nor would there, indeed, be much advantage in their doing so. There are quicker and more convenient ways of crossing the Channel; but this bold swimmer has done a service in showing that to a man of resolution the waves are not so terrible and overwhelming as might have been supposed. Any one who found himself suddenly overboard in the middle of the Channel, and away from help, would no doubt have small chance of reaching the shore; but the power of being able to keep afloat and moving for an hour or so, or even for a shorter time, would in many cases be sufficient to save a life. We can only hope that this event will bring swimming more into fashion. It appears that Captain Webb has already done good service in saving life, and in any case an example of courage and intrepidity is never thrown away.

REVIEWS.

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA.*

THESE two volumes are proof, if proof were wanting, that Life in the East is not by any means exhausted. Several things might have been omitted or condensed. But a good deal more could only have been picked up, annotated, and explained by the wife of Hadji Abdullah, to give him the title by which Captain Burton is familiarly known in Syria. A lady enjoys facilities for penetrating Oriental households which are denied to men; and when these advantages are united to a spirit of adventure, a quick

* *The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land.* By Isabel Burton. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

perception of native ways, a genuine sympathy with the poor and friendless, an eye for scenery, and considerable powers of description, they result in a book which takes us pleasantly over old ground, and discloses some scenes hitherto familiar only to such travellers as M. Vambéry, Mr. Palgrave, or Captain Burton himself. For details or disputed points, the author could always refer to her husband, and the position and duties of a Consul conferred a prestige which even the robbers of the desert were bound to respect, and which native officials could only indirectly subvert. Her Majesty's representative could take long rides which brought him near to Bagdad in one direction and to Aleppo in another. He had to maintain friendly relations with the Druses of the hills; his camp in the desert was the resort of stragglers who wanted the protection of the English flag to accomplish the not easyfeat of getting in safety from one settlement to another. He visited Tadmor in the wilderness with as little danger as ordinary travellers encounter in performing the much shorter trip to Baalbek; and when a Turkish subordinate displayed more than ordinary impudence, he could cause the offender to be ducked in what would be a horse-pond in England, but in the East was a pool *ad limum tepefatum*. Then the rides across the wilderness, performed under cutting blasts, or hot winds, and blinding glare, were full of incident. The residence at Damascus was exchanged during the heats of summer, on the principle sanctioned by all Indian administrators who can manage it, for a sojourn at Jebel Bludan, twenty-seven miles from head-quarters, and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here the climate was almost perfect; the views were splendid, and the solitude complete; while, with the exception of the loss of the services of a cook, who was so fat that he had to be hoisted on to his horse at the beginning of the day and let down only at the close of it, there was no drawback to mar the enjoyment of shooting small and large game, practising with rifle and pistol, receiving Sheikhs, and writing out petitions in the Oriental style for injured persons or claimants.

In noticing a work which has decided pretensions to originality we shall confine ourselves mainly to points which have either escaped the penetration or defied the scrutiny of other travellers. But we must record our regret that Mrs. Burton has thought fit to fill no less than fifty pages of her second volume with an account of one of her wonderful dreams, which, so she tells us, habitually reveal to her all contingencies, and make her acquainted with strange places, people, and books. While rapt in this state of mesmeric sleep she was enabled to take a survey of the whole of creation, heaven, earth, and mankind, besides having time enough, with other comparatively trifling matters, to sever the connexion between Church and State, to send Prince Leopold to Canada and the Duke of Cambridge to Australia, to select her own Prime Minister, to find means to make Ireland happy and contented, and to settle the Tichborne case in half-an-hour. We infer from the spirit of her dream, as well as from the general tenor of her experiences and remarks, that her estimate of this latter incident is not that of Mr. Whalley, but of men of average good sense. If it were possible to conceive a second extinction of all literature and civilization, and the survival of a few standard or stray books, including these volumes, after another period of the dark ages, we are quite certain that plenty of critics would be found to prove incontestably that Chapter XVII. was by a different hand. It is a work of serious exertion to recognize the practical English lady who manages Sheikhs and Dragomans, and adapts herself so gracefully to all the hardships and drawbacks of life in the East, in the dreamer who patronizes the Queen for ten pages and troubles Her Majesty with a diffuse statement of reasons why her husband should be rewarded by a K.C.B.-ship. Neither, again, can we contemplate with unmixed satisfaction the introduction of Catholic legends wholesale into the account of Jerusalem. Many tolerant people have found fault with the persiflage of *Eothen* at sacred places, and entirely repudiate the tone in which the late Mr. Buckle wrote of names and shrines that have attractions for pilgrims of more than one creed; but the same class of readers will, we feel sure, conclude that the cause of true religion gains nothing by a connexion with legendary stories about the greatest event in history, and minute and positive identifications of spots celebrated in the life and ministry of Jesus Christ. It is true that some of these loose traditions are introduced with an apology, and dismissed with a doubt. But as aids to real devotion we can allow them very little weight, while, in the hands of readers or tourists predisposed to scepticism, they are weapons of controversy which impress us with the danger of ladies or unskilled amateurs playing with edged tools. No one, however, will be disposed to question the perfect sincerity, the good faith, and the devotional spirit of the narrator; and it is creditable to her that her keen enjoyment of life in tents, and her undisguised contempt for *gigianity*, never carry her off to the other extreme. Possibly the annoyances and vexations to which a Consul is subject may have had the effect of opening her eyes to the degradation of the Syrian character, and to the iniquities of Dragomans, *Zabityehs* or policemen, *Khwejehs*, and even *Walies*. No tourist who had been fleeced in the bazaars, or waylaid and plundered in the wilderness, could write more severe censures than have been penned by one who had a jest for the miserly old shop-keeper, and a sisterly greeting for the recluses of the harem. Lord Macaulay has said that, if Voltaire had carried out his intention of writing a history of the conquest of Bengal, he would very likely have stolen some sublime theo-philanthropy from the New Testament, and have put it into the mouths of virtuous and philosophical Brahmins. Mrs. Burton is too good a Catholic and too acute an observer to make similar blunders. Her old men, with

flowing *abbas* or loose robes, turbans of silk gracefully wound round their heads, long beards, and grave aspects, are by no means incarnations of primitive wisdom or moral excellence. The Bedawi is shown not to be an unsophisticated child of nature, but very often a low villain who will murder a solitary wayfarer to rob him of his donkey and his shirt. The Arab boys are not at all like Victor Hugo's Gavroche, but practise cruelties for which they ought to be soundly whipped. The dealer in curiosities and antiquities is a miserly cheat, who for a long string of fancy articles asks about a hundred and fifty per cent. above their value. The *Harims* are ladies of elegant manners, pleasant speech, and some few accomplishments, which, put in the most favourable light, are not on a par with the defective education of neglected girls of our own period. The Dragoman, however useful in difficulties, cannot avoid the temptation of betraying his friends in order that his inherited art of treachery may not be lost by want of practice. And the Sais, or groom, like the Indian servant of the same name, is a lazy rascal, who pockets the barley intended for his animals, neglects to give them their pailful of water on a hot ride, drives long nails into the soft parts of the hoof, and puts the saddle on raw backs dotted with holes big enough to contain the human fist.

Readers may be left to compare for themselves Mrs. Burton's account of well-known sites and places with the narratives of the many other writers who have treated of the Holy Land under the various phases of secular history, topography, sacred annals, and scientific research. We gladly accept her guidance elsewhere, and avail ourselves of her introduction to any "Inner Life" except that of her own dreams and visions, and of her suggestions for comfort in travel. We are glad to see that she strongly recommends as a head-dress and protection against the sun the *kuffiyah*, "a large, coloured, and tasseled handkerchief of pure silk, or more generally of mixed silk and cotton, also gold powdered." It wards off the wind and the rain, keeps the sun from the nape of the neck, and serves at once for "umbrella, hat, pugri, veil, and spectacles." It has always been a marvel to us why any Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian should persist in wearing the odious fez cap, which keeps the brain hot, allows the sun's rays to smite full on the temples, and serves no one single purpose intended by a head-dress in tropical regions. The commonest coolie in the bazaars of Bombay or Calcutta can make a better defence against heat than Europeans, who imagine that with the fez cap they at once put on the weeds of the Arab, or, as the Muslim "think to pass disguised." Those women who would really be taken for Orientals had better purchase the *izor*, which covers the person, or the *Mandil*, a white handkerchief embroidered with flowers and figures, or wrap themselves in a plain white sheet with a thicker veil, or don an embroidered jacket of white open sleeves, or have recourse to the costume with which Mrs. Burton in long and wearisome rides deluded a Greek priest into the belief that she was Captain Burton's son. At any rate, all travellers will do well to avoid the demeanour and language of some of the well-known class of tourists who descend like locusts to swallow up the provisions of the hotel and to raise the tariff for horses and camels, and who are already known to the Arab servants by a peculiar title. "These are not ordinary travellers," the natives say, when Mr. Cook and his party suddenly invade the town; "they are Kookies" (*kukiyah*). Yet Mrs. Burton has a word of praise for a scheme which enables hundreds of men to see the East for a stipulated sum, in a reasonably short space of time, without risk of robbery or detention. A solitary Indian civilian was plundered, we are told, in the desert. But a Sheikh who ventured to attack "Cook's tourists" would either get the worst of it, or would lead an unquiet life for the next six months at the hands of exasperated Consuls.

Advice to missionaries from such a sincere and devout worshipper comes with peculiar grace and ought to be welcome. Preachers of Christianity should recollect that, with good Mahomedans, Jesus of Nazareth already ranks high as a prophet; and they should learn the exact significance of a combination of Arabic letters which, pronounced in one way, may mean "dog," and in another "the heart," or else the result may remind us of the very old story of the Greek actor, who said "weasel" when he meant a "calm after storm." We do not put much faith in the statistics of the population of the various creeds in Syria. Indeed, the author herself confesses that she cannot be "answerable for exactness." "It is so difficult to arrive at the truth in Syria." But the main sects, with their subdivisions, are graphically passed in review. Mahomedans in two great divisions, Mutawalis and Babis from Persia, Shazli Dervishes, Jews and Druses, Catholics, Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, and others, some divided outwardly by broad barriers, others by thin lines, but nearly all animated by irreconcilable antipathies, would make the task of government no easy one even for administrators of lofty intention and tested skill. It is instructive to find, pretty much as we found originally in India with the Persian and Hindi, that there is an official language, which in Syria is in Turkish, and a national language, Arabic. But Persians, Hindustanis, and Greeks are met with; and Afghans, whose vernacular, Mrs. Burton may be reminded, is usually known as Pushloo, and not Afghanani. The taxation contributed by this motley collection of races reminds us very much of the Egyptian system as recently described by Lady Duff Gordon. Some journalists occasionally talk and write as if the Oriental mind concealed somewhere in its inmost recesses, if you could only get at them, a capacity for

levying public revenue in a fashion which would shame our insular economy and clumsy devices. We have never been able to exhume the facts which would justify these expectations. Capacity to fill the exchequer and to make the Fellahs or the Ryot contented and prosperous has certainly not been displayed in the native States of India, or in Persia, according to recent travellers, or in Egypt, or in any part of the Turkish Empire. Syria, with its duty on tobacco, on goats and kids, and on fifty-three other articles, according to Mrs. Burton, is no exception. The whole mystery of Oriental finance seems to be contained in the maxim of levying as much as possible, on numerous articles of consumption, by the worst of instruments, from the poorest and most defenceless people in the world. But it may easily be conceived that in such a country and with races so governed there is always some element to attract and interest persons who can live on skinny chickens, ill-fed goats, and coarse mutton; who resolutely bid farewell to English comforts, and who can brave fever and dysentery when out on long marches. The account of the dishes prepared in the seclusion of the harem, however, reads as if it might provoke an appetite. A kid roasted whole and stuffed with pistachio nuts, like the lamb in the Barnecke's feast, meat chopped up with bruised wheat, vegetable marrow or cucumbers hollowed out and stuffed with force-meat, the kabab grilled on long sticks—all these, with fruits and vegetables, and bowls of sour cream, might reanimate a jaded palate, especially if they could be relied on, after more than twelve hours on horseback. And to those who can converse with ordinary fluency there would always be something novel in the tent-life. Now it is a Sheikh who kisses the lady's hands as a mark of respect; or a storyteller who amuses a crowd of listeners by the exploits of Antar, or the loves of Leila and Majnun; or a girl who performs the sword dance, which is really a fight with imaginary enemies; or a Christian claiming damage from a Mohammedan because his cows have done damage to an orchard.

We have no space for the controversy regarding Captain Burton's removal, especially as there must probably be another side to the genuine but partial testimonials to the Consul's merits, given by persons and associations of all creeds and colours. But, granting that the Foreign Office had some grounds for its action, it is quite clear that Captain Burton's removal was managed in the most offensive and insulting way, and with that happy knack of discrediting its subordinates and alienating its supporters in which the late Government pre-eminently excelled. Lord Palmerston would never have so displaced an able official, even if in the wrong, in order to please a Sultan, a Czar, or an Emperor. That Mrs. Burton's volumes ought henceforth to form part of an Eastern tourist's equipment, we need hardly say. With all her vigour, determination, and independence of character, she has no lack of womanly sympathy. She can use a gun, bind up a wound, nurse a dog, manage a household, and rebuke an offender, without insulting him by pulling his beard as a French Consul is shown to have done. There are many passages in the two volumes which would do credit to a practised writer of the male sex, and, putting aside some hallucinations, there is no one sentence which an English matron would desire to be unwritten or an English maiden would wish unread.

FRESHFIELD'S ITALIAN ALPS.*

IT may be selfish, it may be exclusive, it may be anything naughty that you choose to call it, but we cannot help owing to a wish that those who have discovered delightfully beautiful spots within easy reach of London or Berlin would not straightway go and tell all the world about them. Let some regions, not too far away for a busy man's holiday, remain unpolluted by the rush of feet. Population and wealth increase so fast, and communication becomes so much cheaper and swifter, that every part of the Alps is now laid open to the tourist, and the number of secluded places where the life of the people is still primitive, and one can enjoy scenery all to one's self, diminishes visibly every year. If the ordinary tourist or climber enjoyed intensely the new valleys which his invading army overspreads, one would have no right to complain. But he does not. Sometimes it is mere fashion or restlessness that sends him to the Alps, and when he gets into the remoter corners he complains of the want of his familiar comforts, for which he really cares far more than for the glories of nature. In course of time big inns follow him and provide bitter beer, beef-steaks, and mattresses; but then half the charm of the valley is gone. We have therefore never been quite able to forgive Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill for sending so many of our countrymen to the Venetian Alps; and now one could wish that Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who has already won his laurels both as a traveller and a writer by his spirited book on the Caucasus, had kept his pen for the description of some such remote and difficult region, rather than those North Italian mountains to which this book is devoted.

Having thus relieved our spleen, we will admit that, if the bad deed had to be done, Mr. Freshfield has done it in a pleasant and creditable way. He writes with an unaffected enjoyment of the scenes he describes, which communicates itself to his readers. His descriptions themselves are often vigorous and poetical, and if some traces linger of that effort to be jocular which is the

abiding bane of nearly all Alpine writers, they have with him become so few and so comparatively harmless that in another volume we may expect to see them altogether extirpated. In a literary point of view, his book perhaps suffers from the number of the expeditions described and the consequent brevity with which each is treated. It is almost as true of nature as of man, that it is the details which most interest us, since by them we best grasp the reality. This is especially true of scenery and of expeditions which indeed must have certain sameness about them. To individualize each particular valley, to give a distinctive title to remembrance to each ascent of some dominating peak or long-hidden pass, it is necessary to dwell upon them with considerable minuteness, bringing out many features of the landscape, many incidents of the walk, which may not be much in themselves, but in skilful hands go to complete the reality of the picture. Having so large a field to cover, Mr. Freshfield has seldom ventured to do this; he has thought rather more of his mission to open these unfrequented regions to his countrymen, and has therefore chosen to include many valleys scattered far along the chain in the record of his explorations. But that record, however brief, is so unaffected in style, and often so happy in its touches, that even those who have no thought of scaling the peaks to which the author calls them may read it with interest, and perceive that their sympathetic guide is something much better than an average Alpine Clubbist.

The vales which Mr. Freshfield describes are all on the southern side of the Alps, ranging from Val Maggia above Locarno eastward as far as the magnificent group of mountains between Predazzo and Belluno. As he truly remarks, it is on the Italian side that the most perfect beauty of the Alps is to be found; and, we will add, a full share of their grandeur. For not only is the vegetation much richer and more varied than in the central valleys or on the northern slopes, but as the declivities are more rapid, snows and glaciers present a more striking contrast to the luxuriance of the deep, hot valleys, and the outlines of the mountain masses are usually bolder and more imposing. Of course this is not universally the case; but the contrast between Courmayeur and the Allée Blanche on the one side of Mont Blanc—to take the most familiar example—and the valley of Chamouni on the other, represents not unfairly the general respective characters of the northern and southern aspects of the chain. Considering, however, the terrible heat of North Italy, the want of inns high up in the valleys, the dirt and discomfort of nearly all resting-places, except those few sumptuous establishments which fringe the great lakes, it is not surprising that so many of these vales should still preserve their primitive seclusion.

We cannot give any analysis of a book which is itself a kind of summary; but some passages, taken almost haphazard, will show the author's manner of handling his subject. Here is his description of the view from the summit of the Grigna, above the eastern arm of the Lake of Como, which is now beginning to be recognized as one of the great panoramic points of the Italian Alps:—

A moment before reaching the crest a rock was before your eyes. Now there is nothing but the straight-drawn line of the Tuscan Apennines. The vast plain of Lombardy was for the first time all day burst into sight. Surely there are few sights which appeal at once to the senses and imagination with so much power. Possibly the Indian plains from some Himalayan spur may have richer colours; certainly the northern steppe from Elbrus has greater boundlessness. But they are not so much mixed up with associations. This is Italy; there are Milan, Monza, Bergamo, a hundred battle-fields from the Trebia to Magenta. . . . From mountains of middle height the general aspect of the range is ordinarily one of wild disorder. It is but rarely any distinct group is completely seen; only wherever the nearer ridges subside, one or two peaks come into view disconnectedly, and as it were by chance. From more commanding summits the contrary effect is produced; intervening and minor masses sink into their proper place; they no longer produce the impression of a hopeless labyrinth, but combine with the greater peaks to form well-defined groups. In most Alpine districts the Grigna (7,909 feet) would rank among minor heights; on the shores of the Lago di Como and at the edge of the Lombard plain it is a giant. Its extra 2,000 feet enable it to look not only over neighbouring hills, but into the hollows which separate them—hollows filled with an air like a melted jewel in its mingled depth and transparency of colour. The snowy Alps raised now, not merely head, but head and shoulders above the crowd, range themselves before the eyes in well-ordered companies. . . . Perfect peace and radiance filled the heaven. The morning breeze had died away, no cloud had lifted itself from the valleys; all was calm and sunny, from the lake at our feet to the pale shadowy cone scarcely defined in the glowing horizon which was Monte Viso. For hours we lay wrapt in the divine air, now watching Monte Rosa, as it changed from a golden light to a shadow, now gazing over the plain as the slant sunbeams falling on white walls and towers gave detail and reality to the dreamlike vision of noon.

An interesting account is given of wanderings round and to the top of the Adamello, that remarkable peak which one sees more frequently and knows less about than perhaps any other in the Alps. It is the distant mass, conspicuous by its glittering snows, that from the lagoons of Venice so often catches the eye. It closes the western horizon from the mountains of Cadore or Primiero. It is the last ice-peak which one can discern to the east from Monte Rosa, and all the giants that lie round Zermatt. And, in favourable weather, it shows from Monte Viso like a faint white cloud hanging above the furthest point of the haze-spread Lombard plain. It is the more strange that it should have remained so little visited, because the ascent presents no difficulties; and active walkers, with a herdsman to carry their knapsack and provisions, may make their way from Val Camonica, as a party of young Englishmen did in 1870, unguided to the top, and down over the wide snowfields into the Brenta and Molveno country. Mr. Freshfield lingers long over this region; and then, winging his flight across

* *Italian Alp-Sketches in the Mountains of Ticino, Lombardy, the Trentino, and Venetia.* By Douglas W. Freshfield. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

the Adige, ends by describing some rambles among the Alps of Primiero and Cadore. The most exciting of these is his account of the ascent of the Pelmo, "a tower-like mass" girt round by apparently inaccessible crags, and surmounted by a path which is described as "a horizontal ledge or groove, narrowing at places so as to afford only sufficient standing ground. The cliff around us bent into deep recesses, and each time a projecting angle was reached, the side of the bay seen opposite appeared wholly smooth and impassable." We cannot, however, either abridge or extract the whole account of this singular ascent. It seems to have been made four times only—first by Mr. Ball a good many years ago; then some years later by Messrs. Bryce and Ilbert; then in 1870 by Mr. and Mrs. Packe, following a different, and it would seem somewhat easier, route; and, finally, by Mr. Freshfield and his companion.

Another ascent of great interest, though apparently less difficult, is that of the Cima di Vezzana, the second (and barely second) in height of the Primiero peaks. The ascent was made without guides, an Italian turning back on a perfectly easy glacier, with the remark that "life is worth more than gold"; and in describing the view from the summit an observation is thrown out which must be true of pretty nearly all the mountain prospects of this strange country:—

In this region the common rule is reversed. While the troughs of the streams are narrow and rugged, their summits are wooded downes covered with villages. Seen from any moderate eminence, such as the Carena Pass, the hill-tops compose instead of confining the landscape, they spread out their broad backs to the landscape in place of cutting it off. Instead of striking against one opposite range the eye sweeps across twenty surging ridges, and wanders in and out of a hundred hollows, distinct or veiled according as the sunlight falls on them, until it meets on the horizon the snows of the distant range extending from the Adamello to the Weisskugel. Some there are who maintain that the summit views in this part of the Alps suffer from this openness, that there ought to be more snow in the foreground, and that while the bare rock of the peaks is too savage, the green of the pastures when seen from this height loses some of its vividness. Mr. Freshfield, we are pleased to find, does not lapse into this heresy, which commands itself only to a mind bigotedly devoted to Swiss models. And Switzerland—that is, Switzerland north of the main chain—is not, take it all in all, and excepting some few such exquisite spots as the valley of Rosenlaui, one of the most beautiful parts of the Alps.

We must not part from Mr. Freshfield without calling attention to the useful information his appendix contains on routes, inns, and guides, and without quoting one passage more, a sensible view of the often canvassed question how far the high Alps are fit subjects for landscape art:—

A certain amount of truth underlies the current criticisms on Alpine scenery. In the "blue unclouded weather" which sometimes, to the joy of mountaineers and sightseers who reckon what they see by quantity rather than by quality, extends through a Swiss August, the air is deficient in tone and gradation. In the central cantons the prevailing colours are two tints. The vivid hue of pasturages and broad-leaved trees is belted by the heavier shade of pine-woods, and both are capped by a dazzling snow-crown, producing an effect to a painter's eye crude and unmanageable. The Alps have, in common with most great natures, rough and rugged places, such as are not found in more everyday lives or landscapes. Their outlines are often wanting in grace, and of a character which does not very readily fall into a harmonious composition. But to allow all this is only to show that here, as elsewhere, there is need for selection before imitation. Familiarity with what he represents is essential to the painter's success. Men paint best as a rule the scenery of their own homes. Perugino gives us Umbrian hills and the Lake of Thrasimene; Cima and Titian Venetian landscapes and colours; Turner loves most English seas and mists. It is useless, except for a rare genius, to go once to Switzerland and paint one or two pictures; for in the mountains knowledge is especially needed. . . . If the painter wishes to paint the central snowy range as portions of the landscape rather than to study them for themselves, he should begin with the further side of the Alps. There, even in the clear summer weather, when the Swiss crags seem most hard and near, and the pine trees crude and stiff, all the hollows of the hills are filled with waves of iridescent air as if a rainbow had been diffused through the sky. The distances purple and blue, float before the eye with a soft outline like that of the young horns of a stag. Even the snows are never a cold white; after the red flush of dawn has left them they pass through gradations of golden brightness until, when the sun is gone, they sink into a soft spectral grey. And in the foreground woods of chestnuts and beeches spread their broad branches over wayside chapels bright with colour and mossy banks, the home of delicate ferns and purple-heated cyclamens. To those who know them the names of Val Rendena, Val Sesia, Val Anzasca, and Val Maggia call up visions of the sweetest beauty.

MR. BROOKFIELD.*

MR. BROOKFIELD'S name as a preacher is well known in London, and his popularity in that respect justifies the posthumous publication of a volume of his sermons. Before speaking of his character, it may be desirable to give a few facts of his life. Mr. Brookfield, the son of a Sheffield solicitor, was born in 1809, and was designed for his father's profession, but eventually went, in 1829, to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there was the chosen companion of men whose names are now famous. After taking his degree, he became, in 1834, resident tutor for six months to Lord Lyttelton, who now writes his memoir, or rather brings together the testimonies of others to his peculiar talents. He was ordained to the curacy of Maltby, near Bawtry; thence he soon moved to Southampton, and in 1840 became curate and afternoon preacher at St. James's, Piccadilly. In

* *Sermons by the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield.* With a Biographical Notice by Lord Lyttelton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

1841 he married the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Elton, of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, whose sister married Mr. Hallam, the historian. In 1848 he was appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Elementary Church Schools, an office he held for seventeen years, during part of which he was morning preacher at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. When weak health compelled him to resign the Inspectorship, he accepted the living of Somerby, near Grantham. Together with this he held the post of Reader at the Rolls Chapel, and, as we gather, lived mainly in London till residence at his living was enforced. He died (July 1874) at the age of sixty-five. London was his sphere, and it is regretted that the preferment bestowed on him in failing health should have interfered with this obvious fitness. That his friends felt this at the time is shown by the fact that, on a vacancy occurring among the canons of Westminster Abbey, Lord Palmerston told Lord Houghton that he was pressed by seventy-two persons, all of some weight, to give it to Brookfield.

It will interest many of our readers to be told, on the authority of Miss Thackeray, that her father's essay, "The Curate's Walk," was founded on Mr. Brookfield's parish ministrations; that he was the Frank Whitestock who visited Sedan Court, and came to the rescue when the journeyman shoemaker of advanced opinions was in direst distress. Of his special gift of preaching to a cultivated congregation his colleague at the Rolls speaks warmly; there is equal cordiality in Lord Houghton's tone. Lord Lyttelton, judging rather as a reader than a hearer, pronounces the leading characteristics of this volume to be vigorous common-sense eloquence, pathos, and force of general application, adding that no one ever heard from him anything at variance with our best and soundest standards. Some defects of taste and judgment, "to which we would add some independent views on points where there is generally a consensus of opinion among churchmen," he admits to have alloyed these high qualities, but "such must be expected in writers and orators of original genius." And, saying this, we willingly accept the estimate of so competent an authority, leaving the body of the volume before us, without further entering into its merits, to the judgment of our readers. Mr. Brookfield was a man of practical ability and force of character; but it is on the ground of social qualities which have little scope in sermons that he was valued, and is now commemorated by the band of distinguished friends who have striven to impart to those to whom he was personally unknown some idea of his special powers. Mr. Brookfield was an earnest as well as popular preacher, but above all things he was a man of wit and humour. It is not often that an idea of social wit is more convincingly brought before non-hearers than in the effort made by Mr. Brookfield's friends to convey their own impressions. Every circle has its wit, present and in remembrance; there is no association or society which has not some standard of good company, some favourite mirth-provoking companion to whose sallies they have responded with laugh and answering jest, who lives in their memory unsurpassed. With small people a small joke goes a long way. But Mr. Brookfield was the chief wit of an undergraduate circle of dawning genius. The reader cannot but feel interest in the man who could reduce future historians, dramatists, poets, divines—above all, the pair of friends who share a joint immortality in *In Memoriam*—to one brotherhood of helpless laughter on the floor. Men of first-rate power can be amused only by kindred power in its own line. Even without having known Mr. Brookfield, it is safe to believe from the effect of his sallies on his hearers—and such hearers—that he really was a wit and humourist of the highest distinction, and we feel an interest in him accordingly.

How hard it is to perpetuate humour, to give any permanence to the exuberances of a playful fancy, to catch and imprison a spoken jest! Written humour starts at the disadvantage of appealing more entirely to the intellect; but, as in the fable of the flower and the leaf, it gains in vitality what it loses in vivacity and bloom. The most exhilarating wit has only its hour. Like wine, it makes glad the heart of man; but, like dew, it exhales. Laughter holding both his sides rather hears than reads his jest, and can give but lame account of it after. What Swift says in satire is literally true of a vast deal of genuine wit—wit that fulfils its purpose and has adapted itself, as wit only can, in keen appreciation of the occasion. "I have remarked," he says, "that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, or which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What-d'y-call-em on a summer morning, any one of which by the smallest transposure and misapplication is utterly annihilated." This is very true, and yet it may be wit all the same. Certain it is that Mr. Brookfield's friends are so alive to the necessity of given conditions, the conditions of the hour, so sensible that it was not only the words, but a thousand accessories in him and in themselves, that none of them venture on an example, and frankly own that his witticisms grew too much out of the occasion not to suffer in the telling. Without a repetition of every other circumstance the words would fall dead. Spoken and acted humour appeals to more parts of us than written humour; we are caught at more points; the contact between speaker and listener is more diffusive and more intimate. It was achieved for us, and in a sort of way it is a joint effort. A spirit is at work amongst us all. We go out and meet the fun half way. But though we have no specimens of Mr. Brookfield's humour, we have some excellent writing to show why specimens were impossible. Mr. Spedding, one of his earliest friends, delayed long his answer to an application for his personal recollections, excusing his delay "because of the difficulty of con-

veying an idea of the man as I knew him, in words that would be rightly understood by others." And then he makes the following attempt:—

I do not remember the exact date of my first introduction to William Brookfield—it must have been almost forty-five years ago—but I remember very well the place, the occasion, and the company. It was in those rooms in the New Court, and in that company, that a new and original form of human genius was revealed to me.

He was then a very handsome youth, with a remarkably attractive countenance and manner, and already full of that indescribable humour with which I, in common with the rest of his large acquaintance, became afterwards so familiar, and from which I at least for one, have derived so much matter both for amusement and meditation. I call it indescribable, because its effect depended so much upon things which cannot be described; the humour of the time, the characters of the persons present, the sensitive places in each that were so delicately touched, the places which, as too sensitive, were so delicately avoided; and numberless other properties of time, place, and person, without a knowledge of which it was—I do not say nothing (for there generally lay beneath it, when properly understood, both good sense and fine observation)—but something so far short of the reality that I am unwilling to destroy my recollection of the life by trying to preserve it in a bad copy. It was a humour that seemed to take notice of everything; and being accompanied with remarkable powers of expression both by voice and action, it made itself intelligible to those whom it addressed by methods of its own, not to be imitated in writing with any characters yet in use.

He next speaks of Mr. Brookfield's accomplishments—"he could act, sing, mimic, and read, and had spirits for anything"—and of that further mysterious power appertaining to some people of transposing themselves into the person imitated, a power, we should say, illustrated by the authors of the *Rejected Addresses* :—

But though he was a good actor and mimic in the ordinary sense of the words, he was something far more than either; for he could *make* the part while he acted it; and his assumption of another man's character went so deep that it seemed to endow him for the time with his capacities, and almost his acquirements. In his own person I never saw that he had any great gift of oratory. But if he had had a fancy to personate Lord Brougham in a character, he would have found himself gifted for the occasion with the powers of rolling forth long periods of complicated structure and elaborate melody to clear and grammatical conclusions. I could almost fancy that, if he had been called on to represent Sir Robert Peel speaking in the House of Commons, he would have extemporized a very judicious Budget—merely to make the likeness complete. And though he did not for his own part deal in gnomes or aphorisms, if his part had required him to appear as one of the wise men of Greece, I have no doubt that he would have improvised a sentence as wise as any of the Seven.

Of course such powers imply the study attributed to him—"he was a reader of men"; "he knew better than any I have met with how much people meant, and what; and what they were likely to do." Ministering through this faculty to the gaiety of others, Mr. Brookfield was not himself light-hearted. "I fancy all this time," writes Mr. Spedding, "when he left his party and retired within himself, he found himself in very grave company." Mr. Fitzjames Stephen speaks of his wit being set off by the excessive gravity of his manner. And Sir Henry Taylor, owning himself incapable of describing wit and humour which was exclusively his, dwells on one thing which was not distinctive, but common to most men in whom wit and humour go deep—constitutional melancholy which goes deeper still. The Master of Trinity, owning him to be "by far the most amusing man I ever met or shall meet," speaks of a certain moodiness or melancholy from which he suffered greatly when alone. With the fun at its height he was still grave:—

At my age it is not likely that I shall ever again see a whole party lying on the floor for purposes of unrestrained laughter, while one of their number is pouring forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters real or fictitious, one exceeding the other in humour or drollery.

His temperament, said a writer in the *Times*, was serious and almost sad, and he was roused to the exercise of his special faculty only by sympathy with the pleasure he was causing. The same friend testifies to his keen enjoyment of the wit of others, whether epigram, paradox, or sophism, while confining himself with unerring tact to the inspirations of his peculiar genius:—

His business was with human nature, and more especially with the oddities and eccentricities which are often more instructive than the regular and conventional course of commonplace life. It seemed to strangers that Mr. Brookfield's experience must have lain among extraordinary persons and improbable scenes, until nearer observation showed that he had only given permanence and reality to some characteristic and insignificant trifle. If his treatment occasionally verged on caricature, it never deviated into ill nature and scarcely into satire. The amusement which he felt and transmitted to others seemed always to suggest a kindly feeling for the personages of his story.

When we add that more than one of his friends testify to his admirable narrative power, and that all these gifts were set off by a fine voice and perfect enunciation, and finally that his gifts only showed a part of the man, it being a saying of Sir Henry Taylor "that his talents masked his abilities," we see that we have a remarkable man before us. But while we recognize singular original powers, we must also observe how much the brilliancy of these powers must have owed to the mental atmosphere in which they were developed. Wit is a climbing plant, and needs strong and lofty supports before it can reach its full excellence. Though not a literary man, or technically a reading man, Mr. Brookfield's associates in college were all of a high type. With Arthur Hallam and the Tennysons he almost lived, we are told, and Mr. Kinglake remarks on his capacity for friendships of the intellectual sort, and his keen and subtle appreciation of the powers which his companions were beginning to disclose in their early days at Cam-

bridge. It was through these powers that his own grew; it was through the hearts and souls and minds of such associates, which he studied rather than books, that his own intelligence was quickened to become their humorous exponent. He could not have been an eminent wit among ordinary men. Even if we had space we would not extract the Laureate's testimony "in character"—the touching sonnet with its felicitous definition, *helpless laughter*; for we would rather send the reader to the book itself, where he will find much on the character of our subject beyond what we have touched upon that will excite his interest and raise his respect and sympathy.

BLUNT'S TEWKESBURY ABBEY.*

AS Mr. Blunt has gained a certain reputation by his writings about other matters, it is rather a pity that he should have taken the trouble to write a book to show how little he knows of early English history, and how incapable he is of judging of the authorities on which that history is founded. The book is a curious specimen of the way in which people, sometimes clever people enough, rush at things. Mr. Blunt has got hold of a manuscript about Tewkesbury Abbey, and, as commonly happens with those who light unexpectedly on treasures of this kind, he at once greatly overrates its value, and does not know how to use it for the purposes for which it might be used. Pleased with the find of his manuscript, Mr. Blunt does not seem to have thought it needful to see how far the statements of a late local writer could be brought into harmony with the authentic history of England. It does not seem to have come into his head to test its fables and genealogies by the light either of the original authorities or of their modern expounders. Mr. Blunt, with his newly-found register of Tewkesbury, is like a child with a new toy or a church with new dogma. "It is a poor thing, but mine own," is a natural feeling; but Mr. Blunt has not stopped to think whether that which is his own is a poor thing or not. His manuscript is, by his own showing, of the date of 1540 to 1550, and its contents seem to be nearly the same as those of the chronicle of Tewkesbury which was long ago printed in the *Monasticon*, and the mythical character of whose early portions no scholar needs to have pointed out to him. Armed with his new treasure, Mr. Blunt sits down to write the history of Tewkesbury in happy ignorance, it would seem, that the criticism of modern research has been brought to bear on the tales which in the sixteenth century could pass for the history of the tenth. Mr. Blunt's way of dealing with things is an instructive comment on the way in which men who know something about other subjects will deal with matters that they have not carefully studied, when they have got a hobby and write in a hurry. The truth is that very little is known of the history of Tewkesbury before the foundation of the present church by Robert Earl of Gloucester. But a legendary history was naturally enough invented for the early days, and the history and geographical position of Tewkesbury brought it into connexion with several later persons who were special subjects of legend. All these stories Mr. Blunt writes down without criticism or examination of any kind. He is quite ready to believe in the "Dukes Oddo and Doddo" in the seventh century, only he is a little puzzled at finding more than one Odda and more than one Doddo; at other times especially the well-known Earl Odda of the time of the Confessor, who seems to come upon Mr. Blunt quite as a new light, and who, he half ventures to think, has something to do with his mythical namesake in the eighth century. Then he stumbles on King Beorhtfrid and Queen Eadburh, and he believes in a great Earl of the Mercians named Hugh, who lived in their days. The West-Saxons, according to Mr. Blunt, were in 784 "the inhabitants of the district now known as Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Dorsetshire"; whether he thinks that those shires had other names then, or why he cuts the West-Saxons off from their own royal city, to say nothing of the lands further to the West, is not explained. Beorhtfrid, according to William of Malmesbury, was buried at Wareham. Mr. Blunt, professing to quote him, adds, "in a chapel where other Kings of Wessex lay," which we cannot find in our books; but the Register of Tewkesbury, written between 1540 and 1550, makes Earl Hugh bury him at Tewkesbury; and Mr. Blunt adds, with charming simplicity, that, as William of Malmesbury "says nothing of Earl Hugh, the more circumstantial chronicle of Tewkesbury is probably correct." We suspect that, whatever people did in 1540-50, and whatever they may do in 1875, William of Malmesbury knew the history of nomenclature too well to say anything about an Earl Hugh in the days of Beorhtfrid.

Presently Mr. Blunt gets hold of Alfred. He turns the siege of Buttington in Montgomeryshire in 894, at which Alfred was not present, into "the last great and crowning victory of the English King in 893, gained at a place about five miles from Tewkesbury, in the parish of Boddington"; that it was neither Oddington or Doddington is surely a little hard. Then we get the story about "Haywardus Snew," one of those strangely long-lived people so common in legend and so rare in history. According to the version in the *Monasticon* he was flourishing in 930; and yet, as the grandfather of that Brihtfrid, who ceased to flourish in 1068, Mr. Blunt first turns him into a Frenchman by the name of Hayward

* *Tewkesbury Abbey, and its Associations.* By John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Tewkesbury: W. North. 1875.

de Meaux. Then he boldly identifies him with Æthelward, Ealdorman and chronicler, whom he again boldly identifies with the East Anglian Æthelward who was slain at Assandun. Then again he gives to this compound person the "Algarus filius Meawes," who appears in Florence at Sherstone as a son; and then we come to the legend of the single combat of Cnut and Edmund, which Mr. Earle got rid of some years back, and to the other legend about Brihtric and Matilda—who appear under Mr. Blunt's hand as "an English gentleman and Lady Maud"—which has been got rid of yet more recently. Lastly, we have a wonderful pedigree, seemingly out of Mr. Blunt's new-found manuscript, though he does not say so in so many words. We are astounded, not by William Longsword being made the son of Rolf and Gisla, which is a light matter, but by the parents of the Conqueror appearing as "Robert and *Ellen* [sic]," the said "Ellen" being further sister to the Confessor and to a nameless wife of Harold:—

William "the Bastard" is said to have been born to "Elena," a sister of Edward the Confessor and of Harold's wife, before marriage, and to have been afterwards legitimated by marriage, inheriting the crown of England in right of his mother.

All this is very wonderful, but Mr. Blunt has much Latin to prove it. Still we think that we can trace the confusions, whether of Mr. Blunt or his chronicler, to certain strange stories to be found in Thomas Rudborn, Adam of Murimuth, and the Tours Chronicle, among which Rudborn or his copyist has certainly turned Herleva into Helena. Mr. Blunt seemingly does not know that all these stories, even the wildest, have been sifted in their minutest details; to him they are just as good as if they were written in Domesday or the English Chronicles.

This is perhaps enough to show how far Mr. Blunt is fitted to deal with the early history of Tewkesbury, or of anything else. But the early history of Tewkesbury would be well worth sifting. The church of Tewkesbury appears in Domesday as holding lands, though there is no authentic account of its history before Earl Robert's foundation. The Oddo and Doddo story, as Mr. Blunt himself suggests, has probably grown out of the real Odda at Deerhurst in the twelfth century; and the Haywardus story has doubtless grown out of something, if one could find out what it was. But it is one thing critically to sift a story, another either to copy it without inquiry or to make guesses about it. We cannot follow Mr. Blunt through his whole history of the Earls of Gloucester and Lords of Tewkesbury; but it is worth noting that, after describing the ends of the two Spencers at the time of Edward the Second, he adds, "The King himself was with equal lawlessness"—that is Mr. Blunt's way of speaking of an Act of Parliament—"deposed." The architectural account of the church of Tewkesbury is not very clear. Mr. Blunt would seem to know nothing of Mr. Petits's book on the subject. It is queer to be told:—

The nave is one of a class familiar to the eye which is familiar with English minsters. Gloucester, St. Albans, Norwich, Ely, Peterborough, Durham, all show the massive single columns which the western nations at first used in their churches as the natural adaptation of the basilica, or Imperial Hall of Justice, which was so often consecrated as the grand home of Divine worship when Christianity became an imperial religion.

Now the nave of Tewkesbury is as unlike any of the other churches which are here mentioned, save only Gloucester, as any of them is unlike a basilica. The peculiarity of Tewkesbury and Gloucester is that they have "single columns," if we may honour them with the name, while the other buildings on the list have not, Durham alone excepted; and an eye familiar with the perfect proportion of Durham would certainly not be familiar with the disproportion of Gloucester, and the still greater disproportion of Tewkesbury. Mr. Blunt himself presently goes on to remark the small size of the triforium, though he again jumbles together buildings as unlike as Durham and Ely. Mr. Blunt goes through all this part of his work laboriously, but with very little appreciation; he is more at home in declaiming against Puritans, whom he begins to kick some centuries before there were any. The sale of the church to the parish by Henry the Eighth is called a "most disgraceful act of the Crown"; surely it would have been more disgraceful if he had pulled it down, as he originally designed. Then we get a list of the monks at Tewkesbury at the time of the Dissolution, on which Mr. Blunt makes this strange comment:—

It is singular, and gives a suspicion of fictitiousness to the document, that thirty-one of these names, those in italics, are the names of manors belonging to the abbey, of benefices in its patronage, or of places from which it received tithes. All the other eight are names of places in the diocese of Worcester, in which the abbey was situated. Were these pensioners men of straw? And were the real monks sent adrift penniless? No hypothesis of fraud or crime could go beyond the real frauds and crimes committed by the iniquitous men who managed the dissolution of the monasteries.

We are no defenders of Henry the Eighth or of his agents, but, as far as we can see, the pensions were honestly paid, and Mr. Blunt's insinuation is one of the wildest things that we ever saw. Does Mr. Blunt really not know that the monks commonly took their names from their places of birth, and that the monks of any particular monastery were likely, as a rule, to be born in the neighbourhood of the monastery or in places where its property lay?

Lastly, we see by his title-page that Mr. Blunt is Rector of Beverstone. Let him take warning by his ill luck at Tewkesbury how he lays hand on the memories of the historic spot where his own lot is cast.

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA.*

M R. BEAL is an ardent student of Chinese Buddhism. Up to the time of the appearance of his work on the travels of Fa-hien, European scholars had studied the doctrines of Sâkyâ Muni almost entirely through the medium of the Sanskrit or Pali works on the subject. It was reserved for Mr. Beal to disclose from Chinese sources much that has proved to be of great interest, and to furnish a key to difficulties which would probably otherwise long have remained unexplained. Many of the Buddhist sculptures at Sanchi, for instance, were unintelligible until Mr. Beal discovered in Chinese books the descriptions of the scenes which they are intended to portray, and the reader of the early Christian legend of Barlaam and Josephat has, in his work before us, an additional proof of the fact that the incidents in the narrative which are there told as relating to Josephat are no other than events in the life of Buddha.

There are, however, other points in the present work which, as Mr. Beal says in his preface, "naturally arouse curiosity and require examination"; and these are the resemblances which are to be traced between many of the incidents recorded and the events narrated in the Gospels. For example, "the previous existence of Buddhas in heaven, his miraculous incarnation, the songs of the Sudhrasa Devas (angels) at his birth, the events of his early childhood, his temptation in the desert, and his life of continual labour and travel," are all points of agreement with the Gospel narrative; and, were we to trace out further resemblances observable to parts of the apocryphal gospels, we might add very considerably to this list. These similarities are too numerous and too striking to allow us to look upon them as accidental. The question then arises as to the date of the original Sanskrit work from the Chinese version of which Mr. Beal has translated. Of this work, the *Abhinishkramana Sutra*, Mr. Beal considers that several versions have appeared in Chinese, the earliest of which is said by the author of a well-known Chinese Encyclopædia to have been made in the eleventh year of the reign of the Emperor Ming-te of the Han Dynasty (A.D. 69), by the priest Chu-fa-lan. If this statement could be shown to be correct, a date considerably earlier must be assigned to the Sanskrit original. But the Chinese text of Chu-fa-lan's book has been lost, and the only ground therefore on which Mr. Beal finds his belief here expressed is that the work referred to in the Encyclopædia bears the same Chinese title as the version of the *Abhinishkramana Sutra* made five hundred years later, of which the volume before us is a translation. Of course this is evidence in favour of the theory that Chu-fa-lan's work was a translation of the same original, but it does not amount to positive proof. It should, however, be taken in conjunction with the testimony afforded by the supposed date of the Buddhist ruins recently discovered in India.

The narrative begins, like a monkish book of the middle ages, at the beginning of all things, and Buddha is represented as recounting in detail to his faithful disciple, Ananda, the different names of his predecessors. The scene then shifts to the Tusita heaven, where, amid the lamentations of the Devas, it is announced that Bodhisatwa is about to descend from heaven to be born on earth, "not for the purpose of gaining wealth, or enjoying the pleasures of sense; but . . . simply to give peace and rest to all flesh; and to remove all sorrow and grief from the world," and "to preach the incomparable truth." After due consideration, the family of King Sudhodana was chosen as that into which Buddha should be born; and thus it came to pass that Queen Mâya, as she slept, dreamed that she saw "a six-tusked white elephant, his head coloured like a ruby, descend through space and enter her right side," and at the same instant Buddha descended from heaven and rested in perfect peace in the side of the Queen. As the time drew near that she should be delivered, she returned to her father's house, and beneath the shadow of a tree in the garden she brought forth her son. Instantly there shone around a marvellous light, while the Devas chaunted in exultation, "All joy be to you, Queen Mâya! rejoice and be glad! for this child you have born is holy." The babe then "forthwith walked seven steps towards each quarter of the horizon; and as he walked at each step there sprang from beneath the earth a lotus flower; and as he looked steadfastly in each direction his mouth uttered these words; first looking towards the East, he said in no childish accents, but, according to the words of the Gâtha, plainly pronounced, 'In all the world I am the very chief; from this day forth my births are finished.'"

Now at this time there dwelt at peace above the thirty-three heavens an aged Rishi, called Asita, who, having heard of the appearance of Bodhisatwa, went to pay his respects to the babe. Having seen and admired the wondrous child, he addressed the King in these words:—

Alas, I am old, and stricken in years;
My time of departure is close at hand;
Reflecting on this strange meeting at his birth
I rejoice and yet I am sad!
Maharaja! greatly shall this redound to the glory of your race!
What happiness from the birth of this child shall ensue!
The misery—the wretchedness of men, shall disappear;
And at his bidding peace and joy shall everywhere flourish.

And he added the prophecy that, if the babe became a recluse, he would be a supreme Buddha. These words ever remained in

* *The Romantic Legend of Sâkyâ Buddha; from the Chinese-Sanskrit.*
By Samuel Beal. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

the recollection of the King, and when Bôhmisatwa grew up to be nineteen years of age he consulted with his ministers as to the best means to prevent the prince from assuming a religious life. Following their advice, he established three separate palaces, where "the prince passed his time in the midst of a hundred thousand most beautiful and accomplished women, enjoying every species of delight, and receiving every service and attention at their hands, whilst these, adorned with every kind of ornament of gold, silver, and precious stones, conspired to amuse and gratify him with music and dancing." Thus the King hoped to banish from his mind all knowledge of sorrow and suffering, and he might have been successful had not the prince's good genius, the Devaputra T'so Ping, exerted himself to snatch him from the vices which were darkening his mind and deluding his senses. With this object T'so Ping miraculously caused the songs of the ladies of the harem to encourage in the prince thoughts of Nirvana instead of fostering in him lustful desires, and to suggest to him the idea of passing beyond the garden walls into the outer world. The enchantment soon worked its end, and the prince ordered his charioteer to make ready his chariot. The King in the meantime heard of his son's intention, and straightway gave orders that the city should be thoroughly swept and garnished, and that everything offensive either to sight or smell should be banished from view, as well as any object that could suggest to the prince the idea of old age, disease, or death. But here again T'so Ping interfered to defeat the scheme of the King. As the prince drove through the streets of the city his eyes rested upon the form of an old man, whose shrivelled skin, bald head, empty jaws, and bent body excited his surprise and compassion. "What human form is this," he cried, "so miserable and so shocking to behold?" "Great prince," replied the charioteer, "this man is what is called 'old,'" and he then went on to explain that old age with its infirmities is the lot of all those who live out life's span. The incident at first shocked the prince, who returned to the palace saddened and dismayed, but the increased means of indulgences and objects of desire which the King threw in his way soon destroyed the effect of his adventure, and he again gave himself up to the enjoyment of carnal pleasures and pursuits.

Again T'so Ping caused the prince to drive abroad, and though strict directions were repeated by the King for the cleansing and purifying of the city, yet it so happened that a sick man, pale and miserable, "with cramped limbs and swollen body," obtused himself on the notice of the prince. Again the prince had recourse to his charioteer for information as to this new experience, and when he learnt that sickness and ill-health were common to all living creatures, he returned to the palace and "sat pensively and sadly reflecting on the truth which he had learnt." After a while he again mounted his chariot and drove into the city. This time he met a corpse being carried to the grave, while weeping women, tearing their hair and beating their breasts, followed on either side of the bier. At first he wondered with amazement why the man should "lie there on his bed, covered with strange-coloured garments," but when the light dawned upon him, and when, in reply to the question, "Must I also die?" he was told that his "sacred body must come to this, and die," he returned to his palace and sat down silently to ponder on death and the impermanency of all things. It was necessary now that, having had experience of the miseries flesh is heir to, he should learn how to overcome them; and so, on his next excursion into the city, he met a Shaman, or begging priest, who expatiated to him on the virtue of regarding all objects of sense as transitory, of thinking no evil and of doing none, of doing good to all, and of thus finding deliverance for himself and of giving life to all mankind. The prince was so impressed with these lofty aims that he descended from his chariot and bowed himself to the ground before the Shaman, and then, returning to the palace, he announced to the King his intention to become a mendicant and to seek Nirvana. This only made the King redouble his efforts to keep his son within the palace walls. The ladies of the harem were urged to use every wile to engross the prince in pleasure. But vain were their endeavours; the prince sat amongst them unmoved, and that very night, while all save himself slept, he rose, and, quietly mounting his favourite steed Kantaka, passed out of the city. As he rode through the streets, Mara Râja, the cruel and malignant, fearing the consequence of his becoming a recluse, caused by his spiritual power all sorts of strange shrieks and cries to be heard in the air, and all kinds of weird and horrible sights to meet him in the way. But the prince was not to be daunted, and when arrived at a safe distance from the palace, he got off his horse, and having cast from him his jewels and ornaments and exchanged his princely robe for the garment of a passing hunter, he assumed the life of a recluse.

But his onward path towards a perfect state of enlightenment was strewn with difficulties. He had to overcome the entreaties of his father to return to the palace; he had to match himself in wordy disputes against trained casuists belonging to other and corrupt forms of faith; he had to endure fasting accompanied by temptations "to the commission of some small sin," and he had to withstand the enticements to sensual vice held out to him in tempting array by Mara Râja, the cruel and malignant. Out of all these tides he came like tried gold, and, having passed through the various grades of perfect self-abstraction, and so having put away for ever all remnants of selfishness and evil desire, he attained to supreme wisdom. His lustful heart was destroyed, and with it all sources of sorrow. From henceforth his life became that of a

teacher, and with many parables, not a few of which appear in disguised forms in the story books of Eastern and Western lands, he expounded his doctrines to his followers and disciples.

The Romantic Legend of Sâkyâ Buddha appeals to a large class of readers. Archæologists, ethnologists, mythologists, and the ordinary readers of books will find in its pages much interesting matter and much valuable information. Of the accuracy of Mr. Beal's translation we are unable to speak from personal knowledge, since we are not acquainted with the original; but having compared for review other translations of Mr. Beal from the Chinese, we may fairly apply the doctrine *ex uno discit omnes* to this one, and so doing we have no hesitation in proclaiming this to be a faithful version of a very interesting book.

ROBA D'ITALIA.*

MR. HECKETHORN in his preface informs his readers that he has not written *Roba d'Italia* as a guidebook, but as a record of his personal experience. He mentions that "the technical aspect of things, whether social, artistic, historical, religious, or political, had little interest" for him. His intention was that "the poetic and intellectually epicurean side of Italy" should be the chief feature in his recollections. To this programme Mr. Heckethorn scarcely seems to have adhered. He has apparently changed his mind as the book proceeded, unless indeed some pages of details concerning his quarrels with porters about a few *live* represent the poetic, and gossiping scandal about cardinals and princesses "the intellectually epicurean side of Italy." Mr. Heckethorn is quite aware that his book will irritate, shock, and displease many people. But he does not attempt to write for "those who choose to live in barrels and see the world through the bung-holes." He is good enough not to include a class whom he designates as "the critics" amongst those who see the world from such a disadvantageous outlook. So he particularly invites them to read and give their opinions upon his book. He says:—"All I beg is that some of the critics who reviewed my last work (*Secret Societies*) will not, if they honour me with their notice, misrepresent, by garbled extracts, my meaning, nor found their critiques, after cutting the leaves, on the smell of the paper-knife, as they seem to have done in the case in question." The reviewer who has used his paper-knife on Section III. of the first volume had better not smell it. Mr. Heckethorn fairly warns ladies to skip a few pages at that place—advice which we cordially second, adding that to skip the rest of the book would be better still. The author is fully prepared, from painful experience no doubt, to be accused of "prejudice," "strange dogmas," and "odd philosophy." We have not been able to discover any philosophy, odd or other. We have been disgusted at the coarseness of the book, shocked at the bad taste in which personal matters are discussed, and bewildered by trying to find the "intellectual epicureanism."

We have no intention of entering into any argument upon the historical questions which Mr. Heckethorn treats with such easy familiarity, but it may be worth while to ask why George III. is bracketed with Henry VIII. as one of a pair of "monsters as foul as ever polluted the earth." He goes on in this place, "But as the anaconda covers its food with a horrid slaver which makes it go down, so these monsters made their crimes 'go down' with the unctuous slaver of sanctimonious words, and, lo! they are held up to us as patterns of goodness and morality and Christianity! But why pursue the subject further?" We have really no desire to do so. Let us change it, and endeavour to find out the aesthetic side of Mr. Heckethorn's character. To begin with music, his taste seems to be for barrel-organs. Will he be angry if we say he has a prejudice for them? He tells us that once, on a road crossing a lonely Derbyshire hill, he met an Italian organ-grinder slowly toiling along. Delighted with the encounter, he sat down and made the wandering musician play over the whole repertory of his organ. After betraying so absorbing a passion for this attractive instrument, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Heckethorn should resolve to visit the happy land which supplies us with them, or that, as accompaniment for a night of romance upon the Lagoon, he should have engaged the services of a genuine Italian organ-grinder. He is described as "a seedy old man without whiskers;" and we are told that "Time with his scythe has mowed his head as clean as an onion." The precise object of Mr. Heckethorn in engaging him does not transpire. The instrument was execrable, "the envy of cats" and "lugubrious." Before the night's excursion is completed the organist is "already fuddled, or, as I may appropriately say, half seas over." One of Mr. Heckethorn's favourite jokes seems to be hidden in this sentence; but we fail to see its appropriateness any more than the good taste of the "intellectual epicureanism" which prompted him to make the poor man drunk. So much then for Mr. Heckethorn on music. Let us see what are his views upon art. He considers Raffaello's early work worth very little; and that he did nothing great until he had known the Fornarina, remarking, "how basely did Raffaello behave to her at last, banishing her from him in his last hours at the command of arrogant priests." "The Espousals" at the Brera is of no value, as it is a "fancy picture," and so contrary to all traditional reality; it is to his mind "perfectly offensive." The old masters he

* *Roba d'Italia; or, Italian Sights and Shadows.* By Charles William Heckethorn, Author of "Secret Societies," Translator of the "Frithiof Saga," &c. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

considers to have had "very little invention either in the matter of subject or treatment." Happily, Mr. Heckethorn says but little more about art. Here he shows commendable prudence. We can only regret he did not carry this prudence a little further, and spare the world his opinions on several other subjects. Fortunately, he touches lightly upon architecture. Milan Cathedral is thus briefly described:—"A marble vision which in size is second only to St. Peter's at Rome, and in my opinion, by its simplicity and monolithic character, surpasses that building." The "simplicity and monolithic character" of Milan Cathedral have escaped all travellers not prepared to look for the "intellectual epicureanism" of Italy. At Florence he is equally brief. All that he has to say about the magnificent interior of the Duomo is that it is "bare." The outside he compares to a harlequin's dress.

Mr. Heckethorn is good enough to inform us that he is neither what is "conventionally called a religious man nor a purist"; and we are inclined to accept this account as substantially true, though he puts it forward as a kind of apology for the uncompromisingly conventional and moral tone of the following sentiments:—

I do think that when a man marries he is bound to be satisfied with his wife, unless she be a devil. He ought even to be able to do without his club and male parties. And if he must have forbidden fruit, no gentleman will add insult to injury by openly buying a handsome dish for it before his wife.

There is some confusion of metaphors here. Mr. Heckethorn's views on conjugal morality are not more clear than the language in which he conveys them. He is much more distinct as to matters in which he has apparently greater experience, and travellers of the male sex may find his warnings of use. He says:—"Let the traveller show an Italian chambermaid any of those attentions her English congener almost looks upon as her due, and he will quickly find that he has brought his pigs to the wrong market. And even where his advances are favourably received, he will, if he has any experience that way, be bound to admit that the Englishwoman's love was worth a great deal more." Really we cannot guess for what kind of audience Mr. Heckethorn intends his book. Concerning religious matters his tone is equally offensive. Many people are angry, and many more are sorry, at the conversions to Roman Catholicism which almost yearly occur in Rome amongst the English visitors; but Mr. Heckethorn is, we hope, alone in ascribing all such conversions to either money or caprice. He is simply nauseous, and not the least funny, in the way he rakes up scandals about popes and cardinals; and to assert, as he does, that the young Irishmen who joined the Pontifical army in 1860, arrived "covered with potato-sacks, with a hole for the head and two for the arms, without shirts underneath or shoes to their feet," is, as every one knows, an utter absurdity. Mr. Heckethorn's own religious views are in some mysterious way centred in the cultus of a personage of whom he speaks more than once as the "ideal Virgin Sophia, the universal spirit of Goodness and Beauty, of whom the Virgin Mary is only the gross and degraded corporization." Where he obtained this piece of hagiology it would be impossible to say. It is at least clear that the "ideal Sophia" is not the saint of that name who is commemorated in the Roman calendar, as she was a widow and the mother of three daughters.

It would be unfair to close a notice of *Roba d'Italia* without some reference to what is evidently intended by its author to be a prominent feature of the book. Some specimens of his wit have been already quoted. A few more may suffice to give an idea of the forced fun and vulgar slang of which it is compounded. Here, for example, is an impromptu, made "after a few days' meditation," and this unconscious bull is the only funny thing about it:—

Here lie I, Eurusaces the baker,
Aquaduct o'resce I was too;
Overpower'd by an undertaker,
All my dough is shortened to a do.
Now I lie in this sepulchral oven,
And by fermentation hope to rise,
Quicker than my bread, always so sloven,
As a "reg'lar brick" to Paradise.

About Paradise he makes another little joke, so original that it is worth quoting. Speaking of Monaco, he says, "If some modern Milton would write a poem on it he might perhaps entitle it *Pair o' Dice Lost*." Of Milton he remarks in another place that he is praised by everybody and read by nobody. Mr. Heckethorn should only speak for himself.

To those who have travelled in Italy, revelling in its old associations, enraptured with its works of art, interested in its people, and able to see picturesqueness even in their poverty and dirt, this offensive and impudent book will be so disagreeable that they will find it impossible to read it. To those who have not been there it will convey false impressions and degrading ideas about the most interesting country perhaps in the world. Mr. Heckethorn says in his remarkable preface that his object was "to connect the dry and hard details of ordinary guides with entertaining or romantic associations." He has utterly failed in this design, and his overweening conceit has concealed from him the completeness of his failure.

FORGOTTEN LIVES.*

EARNEST people are often heard to complain that the constant reading of novels unfits the mind for severer studies, and weakens the power of attention. Such persons ought to welcome *Forgotten Lives*, which they will find to combine the allurements of romance with the merits of the sort of books which are said to afford "intellectual gymnastics." No one who can unravel the adventures of Barbara in *Forgotten Lives* need experience the slightest difficulty in dealing with the Barbara of Aldrich's *Logic*. *Forgotten Lives* is so ingeniously muddled, and the number and hardness of the complicated situations are so great, that we purpose to attempt a sketch of the plot. Authors, as a rule, object to this proceeding on the part of critics, but the author of *Forgotten Lives* ought to feel real gratitude to us. One of her characters says to another, "I don't think one human being ever could live so long as you." We don't think that one human being ever could understand *Forgotten Lives* without a digest of the plot and an account of the relationships of the persons.

There are several causes which combine to darken this remarkable tale. In the first place, the writer has not written with one purpose only, which is common, but with two. Her first purpose apparently is to outdo Miss Becker and her friends, her second to outdo Mrs. Radcliffe. She may be congratulated on having surpassed the angry discontent of the one and the romantic fancy of the other kind of model, but the general result is the reverse of artistic. When the mind of the reader is grappling with the statements that "Man is the natural enemy of woman," and that "Man stands on his physical strength alone, and, knocking woman down as his last argument, he wins like an athlete," it is disconcerting to be hurried off to enchanted castles, mad heroines, secret staircases, mysterious bells, and mouldering skeletons. The reader of *Forgotten Lives* must be prepared for jumps of this sort. He first meets the two heroines, Barbara Lethbridge and Rose Carteret, at St. Cecilia's Orphan Asylum, where (as it is particularly explained) woman is not allowed to wear drawers, and where the pupils are worse fed and taught than at Lowood in *Jane Eyre*. Barbara is expelled from school, and thence taken rather hastily to her mother's death-bed, indulging in a brief but energetic flirtation on the way with Oliver de Beauvoir, who is also speeding to his sister's death-bed—as he fancies—in an old Cornish country-house, called Bosanken. From this old Cornish house, where Lady Theresa Bospersis is tormenting her husband and sickening of fear caused by mysterious letters written by a lunatic, and carried by a "grey-grim" woman called Deborah, we are led off to a still older Cornish house, called Caerlerrick, and a very much older woman servant, named Primrose Behenna. "She had a century's marks on her; Time had clawed her with cruel talons," and she had a voice "sweet, clear, and low." The duty of this singular being was to show to strangers every Wednesday the secret chamber of Caerlerrick Castle, and the mouldering bones of the wicked Sir Malins Tregethas, who was starved to death there in the reign of Charles I. As Sir Cuthbert Tregethas, the owner of Caerlerrick, was a man of stern, retiring character, and as the secret of his life was connected with the secret chamber, he naturally liked to have it shown to strangers, who also beheld mysterious visions in the park, on Wednesdays only, without extra charge. All this in half a volume is calculated to take away the breath of the most hardened novel-reader, but all this is only the beginning of mysteries.

Whoever would understand *Forgotten Lives* must carefully dismiss the notion that any character in the work is what he or she seems to be. Very few of the personages first appear under their real names, nor are they of the nationalities to which they apparently belong, and they are but rarely the cousins, daughters, wives, husbands, or ghosts of the people to whom they are supposed to stand in these relations. We are, therefore, obliged to start from Sir Malins, who certainly was Sir Malins, and the beginner of the feud between the Tregethas and Bospersises, before he became, like Ninus the Assyrian, "a little heap of dust," and was shown to visitors on Wednesday afternoons. Sir Malins, then, some two hundred and fifty years ago, was lord of Caerlerrick Castle, and of the heart of Rose Behenna, who drowned herself, as her descendant whom "Time had clawed with his cruel talons" observes, "for want of a wedding-ring." Sir Malins, meanwhile, as we have seen, got shut up and starved in his own secret chamber, where his bones were discovered by a descendant of his mistress, the elderly, time-clawed housekeeper, generally referred to as the Raven. Primrose Behenna, the Raven, holds the real clue to the exciting mystery, and the reader must never lose sight of her. She appears to think that she is the daughter of the original Rose, who took the want of a wedding-ring so much to heart, but there are grave reasons for doubting the correctness of this view. In the first place, she must have been two hundred and fifty years old at the date of the story, and, more than that, her grand-daughter, Mrs. Carteret, the mother of Rose, the second heroine, would be about one hundred and thirty, whereas she is represented as still young and beautiful. By another calculation the Raven must have had a child when she was about one hundred and twenty-seven. At all events, it is clear that the Raven is aware of the secret of Caerlerrick, and is more or less in league with the other grey, grim woman Deborah to torment the inhabitants of the neighbouring castle of Bosanken.

* *Forgotten Lives*. By the Author of "Olive Varcoe." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.

It may not seem very easy to connect the aristocratic, if rather mad, Tregethas and Bospersis with the children in St. Cecilia's Orphan Asylum, with Barbara, who was expelled, and with Rose Carteret, who was taken away by her mother. Their fortunes, however, are all interlaced, and by steady attention to business we hope to show how this came about. In the first place, Sir Cuthbert Tregethas, some years before this story opens, had a wife whom he did not love, and who, after a resolute but unsuccessful attempt, in which she apparently has the author's sympathies, to make her cousin run away with her, fled with her little daughter to Turkey. In Turkey, as we are told, "she found among Mahomedans and Polygamists juster laws for women than those made by moral English Christians." Polygamy is not, as the writer appears to think, the same thing as polyandry, and it may be doubted whether Turks approve of too affectionate relations between their wives and their wives' cousins. This is by the way. About the same time that Lady Tregethas fled to Pera, and to make everything smooth, gave out that she was an Irish Mrs. Linton, a quarrel grew up between the Tregethas and Bospersis, and ended in the heir of the Bospersis being killed by a keeper in a poaching fray. His father thereon made his nephew, a "clever, cynical young barrister," named Ernest Bospersis, his heir, and added a "curious codicil" that Ernest should not come into possession of his estates till he married a lady who was not a Tregethas. In the event of such a marriage he bequeathed his property to a distant relative, Lady Theresa de Beauvoir. Ernest had been engaged in the poaching fray, and "feeling very galled, and being now free to quit his profession," he travelled through Italy, Greece, and Turkey. In Turkey, by a probable coincidence, he met Lady Tregethas, then bearing the name of Linton, and introduced himself to her as Mr. Ernest, an American. Under this designation he married her daughter on board a British ship. The ceremony was performed by the "schoolmaster and chaplain," and whether it was binding or not the author does not know, and the "clever young barrister" unluckily quitted his profession too soon to find out. At the close of the tale, however, the validity of the marriage seems to be assumed. After a few years Ernest Bospersis deserted the girl and a daughter whom she bore him; the wife became a confirmed maniac, only coherent when talking about the rights of women; and the child Barbara supposed herself to be the daughter of a certain Mrs. Lethbridge, who adopted her, sent her to St. Cecilia's Orphanage, and then died, leaving her to the care of a nephew, Walter Lethbridge. Ernest Bospersis was now in the position of having unwittingly married a descendant of the Tregethas, and thus, as unwittingly, disinherited himself. His next move was to imagine, without any apparent reason, that he had seen his wife's dead body, and he promptly married Lady Theresa de Beauvoir, who was now, though no one knew it, the real proprietor of the Bospersis estates.

After a few years of unhallowed enjoyment, Nemesis came to Ernest Bospersis in the person of the "grey, grim woman," Deborah. Deborah had been the nurse of his first wife. Deborah recognized in him the American Mr. Ernest, and determined to punish him for having deserted her darling. She forced him to take her into his house as his wife's maid, and put herself into communication with Sir Cuthbert Tregethas. Sir Cuthbert had by this time admitted his lunatic daughter to Caerlerrick, where she found a congenial friend in the Raven, had the run of the secret chamber, played at being a ghost, and "darned her clothes with the threads of her own long silver hair." Deborah carried mad letters from this interesting creature to Lady Theresa Bospersis (*née* De Beauvoir), who led her husband a melancholy life when she saw reason to suppose that she had a predecessor still among the living. She gave poor Bospersis, whom one cannot help pitying, no peace about his lost child, and took up the notion that she ought to discover and befriend her. A fresh complication is produced by her casual encounter with Barbara Lethbridge, whom she of course does not know to be the object of her search. As if matters were not mixed enough already, Sir Cuthbert marries a Mrs. Carteret, mother of Rose, the second heroine, and granddaughter of his own mad housekeeper, Primrose Behenna. Mrs. Carteret brings Rose to live at Caerlerrick, while Barbara is staying at Bosanken, and the two young ladies struggle for the fickle affections of Oliver de Beauvoir. The plot now thickens more than ever. Oliver mistakes Barbara's mother, the silver-haired lunatic, for Barbara; Barbara disappears in a thunder-storm; Rose is accidentally stabbed by one of the lunatics, the silver-haired one; Barbara, Bospersis, and Sir Cuthbert are suspected of the deed; the Raven and the other maniac die. Coroners, policemen, magistrates, and the Cornish public at large conduct an absurd inquiry in Caerlerrick. Barbara is proved to be the heiress, heaven knows why, of Sir Cuthbert; Lady Theresa marries Bospersis over again, and has a little boy; Rose pairs off with a curate, Barbara with Walter Lethbridge, generally called the American cousin because he was English and in no way related to Barbara. The book closes with the abrupt remark that "Orphanages still flourish, and hidden behind their gates are still the pale hordes of untaught, sickly, charity children, England's wasted and forgotten lives."

Forgotten Lives is the epic of martyred woman. Just as Victor Hugo's great romances are the trilogy of man's struggle with Nature, the Church, and Society, so *Forgotten Lives* depicts woman's war with man. The strife begins with the drowned Rose Behenna, and ends with the maniac's diatribes against society, and with Barbara's peevish denunciations of most male creatures. The constant desire for battle with man makes Barbara the most querulous

and unpleasant of heroines. Her early ill-treatment at St. Cecilia's is described as bad enough to sour any life; but then soured heroines are not worth writing about. The author of *Forgotten Lives* has of course a right to describe and protest against the abuse of charities if she pleases, and she may say that it is only through a novel that she can make her protest heard. She is mistaken, however, if she thinks that constant harping on the subject improves a tale as a work of art, or that the rich absurdities of her narrative will gain credit for her statement of what she calls facts. We know that country gentlemen do not keep silver-haired maniacs running loose in haunted houses, and we are compelled to doubt whether St. Cecilia's is not as unlike anything really existing as Caerlerrick.

Had it not been for the imposing list of other works on the titlepage, we might have taken *Forgotten Lives* for the first attempt of an author who might learn to prune her fancy, and keep her social views in the background. As things are, we doubt whether any mortal will give *Forgotten Lives* a second reading, and we doubt still more whether any mortal will understand the plot at one reading, for all our pains as expositors.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have yet another volume of the Geological Survey of the Territories; a survey extending over many years, over more than a million of square miles, and entering into every department of inquiry that can be included in or connected with the wide science of physical geography. The geology and palaeontology, the soil and climate, the mineral and agricultural resources, the rainfall and watersheds, the mountain ranges and rivers, of the vast interior region of the Union, from the borders of Missouri and Arkansas to those of Oregon and California, and even to the Pacific coast, and from the frontiers of Canada to those of Mexico, have all been minutely investigated, and reported upon in volume after volume as large as or larger than that before us, which devotes some seven hundred and fifty pages of close and solid type to the description of the birds of the North-West.* Dr. Coues, who has written this huge treatise on so limited a subject at the request of the officer in chief command of the Survey, has given no ordinary labour to the task. The native birds of a territory poor in wood, consisting in great part of utterly barren deserts and almost impassable mountain chains, are neither many nor peculiarly interesting, and the inquiry is not one which an ardent ornithologist would naturally select. Dr. Coues began his work in 1862 with a report upon a collection of specimens made by Dr. Hayden and Mr. Trook as naturalists attached to an earlier exploring expedition under General Reynolds, U.S. Engineers. In 1867 he recommended and extended the work, including collections made by Dr. Hayden so long ago as 1856 in the region of the Yellowstone; and finally, in 1872, being stationed in the Territory of Dakota, and having several later collections placed in his hands, he undertook the compilation of the present supplement to the vast library of information concerning the Territories which has been edited by Dr. Hayden, and published at the expense of the Washington Government. Dr. Coues has theories of his own respecting the proper classification of the *Aves*, which would distribute them into three principal orders only, of which two fossil species would form one and the struthious birds another, the whole remaining mass, with its vast number of distinctions, being grouped in a single order. He does not, however, take advantage of the opportunity afforded him by official publication either to insist on or to carry out this theory, but, having stated it in a single page, proceeds to his proper work, and arranges the birds known to the North-West—few or none of them peculiar to that region—according to the usual classification. The book is one of reference rather than of use; for public libraries rather than for the private studies even of ornithologists; but it is a necessary link in that chain of information concerning the natural history and physical geography of their vast Empire which the Federal and State authorities of the American Union have spared no labour or expense to amass, preserve in print, and render accessible to students who may digest it for the general reader, or to inquirers who may desire an answer to a particular question. As we have often said before, it is only by means of such liberal official patronage that this kind of knowledge could be collected and published; and it is chiefly, if not only, in these official Reports that it is to be found.

We have at hand also some Massachusetts "Blue-books" of a more ordinary character, Reports of authorities charged with regular official functions; but also containing, year after year, the collected experience of a number of local and central Boards and Committees working under different conditions, and undertaking their tasks with different bias, on subjects of universal interest; sometimes revealing for our benefit the result of experiments which enthusiasts or theorists at home are urging us to make. A study of these State documents, especially those of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, should form a part of the education of every English politician who desires to form an independent opinion of the suggestions of philosophical Radicals and

* Department of the Interior. United States Geological Survey of the Territories. F. V. Hayden, U.S. Geologist in Charge. Miscellaneous Publications, No. 3—*Birds of the North-West; a Handbook of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries*. By Elliot Coues, Captain and Assistant-Surgeon U.S. Army. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

social reformers, and not to espouse them blindly nor reject them peremptorily at the bidding of a party or a constituency. We have in the first place the yearly Report of the State Board of Health *, which possesses in many respects powers co-ordinate with and concurrent with those of the local Boards with whose functions we are ourselves sufficiently familiar, but with more extensive jurisdiction and more absolute authority. And we find in New England the same complaint that is made among ourselves, of the extreme difficulty of inducing these local Boards to exercise their powers against local nuisances, and especially to interfere with noxious trades. The State Board repeats this complaint, and almost immediately goes on to describe its own dealings with certain large and established nuisance factories, in a spirit which induces the reader fully to believe in the slackness of the minor authorities, and enables him to comprehend what seems greatly to surprise the Board, the reluctance of complainants to proceed with their suits until full redress is attained. On general principles, however, the Report is explicit and decided. The recent controversy concerning the effects of interment, and the facts that from time to time crop up regarding the contamination with sewage of streams from which large villages and even towns derive their water supply, give interest to the official declaration, based on actual experiment, that the disinfecting and oxidizing powers of the natural elements are much overrated; that even where no change of taste and colour, no unpleasant smell, betrays the fact to our senses, we are breathing and drinking contamination; the earth having by no means that power of rapidly and continuously filtering and rendering harmless great masses of putrid matter which is ascribed to it, and which alone could render our existing practices safe. In another page we find a remonstrance against the promiscuous sale of chloroform, and its use by untrained persons; not that this anaesthetic is much used as a means of murder, but that it is very likely to become the instrument of unintentional suicide. English physicians have argued the case of nitrous oxide against chloroform; the Massachusetts authorities rely on ether as equally effective with chloroform in relieving pain, and unattended by the dangers that attach to all but the most careful and instructed use of the more formidable drug. It is observable that neither this Report nor the letters that have been addressed to English papers on the subject allege that the increasing use of chloroform has actually been attended by any large number of fatal accidents. Passing from these every-day matters, we come to a variety of practical essays on questions falling under the cognizance of the Board which seem to require the action of the Legislature—as on the Meat Supply, on the Transportation of Live Stock, and one very interesting paper on the treatment of drunkards, recommending the establishment of Inebriate Asylums or hospitals, to which habitual drunkards might be sent, either with their goodwill or without it, to be cured of their vice, or, where that is hopeless, to be confined, not as offenders, but as quasi-lunatics, for the safety of society. It may be admitted that it is at any rate less unjust and unreasonable to lock up the few drunkards out of the way of liquor than to lock up all liquor out of the reach of the many sober and temperate people, lest the drunkards should get it. But of course the main drift of the paper is to prove that drunkards are *de jure* lunatics, and should be restrained as such when it is once established that they cannot or will not restrain themselves. The writer fails to perceive that many drunken men, so long as their liquor is not drugged, are not madmen at all, but only harmless simpletons or sleep-walkers, and that it would at least be right to put down the adulterations that make intoxication so dangerous, before assuming that it always must be so. However, the plan has been tried here and there in the United States, and, where tried, seems to be popular; nor perhaps can we reason with confidence from English experience to the effects of intoxication in a climate where stimulants have certainly a quicker and a worse operation.

Next comes the Eleventh Report of the Board of State Charities †, which has charge of the State poor, lunatic asylums, schools for idiots, deaf mutes, &c., and, in some measure, of the State prisons. It is interesting to find that, as regards the adult State poor (i.e. the poor who have no local settlement; the law on that point being derived from the old English law, and still retaining much of its jealous vigilance and consequent severity of operation), a partial system of outdoor relief has of late years come into operation. The sick and aged were formerly provided for in the State almshouse; this has now been abolished, and it is found better, cheaper, and infinitely kinder to let them remain in their actual place of residence, and provide for them there—in the local almshouse, if they have no residence. Another point deserving attention is that the practice of boarding out orphan paupers in charge of the State appears to have found favour in the eyes both of the Board and the Legislature; but for some technical reasons, arising partly out of the clumsy wording of a recent Act, it is not yet brought fairly into operation. The want of such an arrangement is shown in unmistakable figures. At the State almshouse the deaths of children under five years of age were more than 25 per cent. per annum; and among motherless

* Public Document, No. 30—Sixth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. January 1875. Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† Public Document, No. 17—Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts; to which are added Reports from its Four Departments. With an Appendix. January 1875. Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

infants there the rate was as high as 70 or 80 per cent! The Board moreover recognizes the fact that children cannot grow up to healthy, self-dependent manhood and womanhood in a vast charitable institution; and that "the position in life which is the birthright of every American" can never be recovered by those who are detained in a "public establishment" till they are old enough to appreciate their situation and too old to shake off the impress of the unnatural life and the brand of social degradation.

The last of these documents is the Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston *, which contains the record of a controversy as to the right of women to be members of such Boards, if elected. The Committee decided against them on the general assumption that all public offices and political franchises are confined by the Common Law—that is to say, by those immemorial English customs which are part and parcel of the law of New England States—to the male sex. The question, in a general form, was submitted by order of the Legislature to the Supreme Court of the State, which decided that by common law women could hold public offices, and could only be excluded from the School Board by some express provision to that effect, and that no such provision appeared to have been made. The Board then caused its past action to be submitted to the Court in the form of a suit by its excluded members. The decision, which caused not a little surprise, was to the effect that the Board had exclusive jurisdiction over the validity of its own elections, and that the Court had no power to interfere; and the matter was finally settled by a legislative Act admitting women to School Boards. The only other topic of special interest in the Report is the thoroughly unsatisfactory nature of the examination of schools by the School Committees, consisting of gentlemen of local influence and repute but with no special knowledge either of the methods or subject-matter of education, the result of which has been to compel the teachers to follow closely the routine of the manuals, which in America are for the most part extraordinarily bad, but which furnish the amateur examiners with their only guide and standard. This absurdity appears, however, to be in process of amendment.

Dr. William Blasius, formerly Professor of Natural Sciences in the Hanover Lyceum, gives to the world a theory of his own regarding the origin and course of Storms †—that is, according to his definition, a theory of the entire system of aerial circulation. He seems to refuse to recognize the existence of that permanent counterflow of hot air from the upper equatorial regions, and of cold air from the lower level in the Arctic atmosphere, which, modified by the motion of the earth, gives us our two prevalent winds of the temperate zones, the north-east and south-west; and accounts for the equatorial calm-belt and the Trades. But with regard to the origin of local storms, his scheme is more distinctly worked out on practical, though, as it seems to us, only limited and local evidence, and conflicts strongly with the conclusions most generally accepted by the leading meteorologists of the world; and his confidence in his power to predict exactly the course of coming weather contrasts forcibly with the caution and reserve adopted by those who have had the largest and longest experience. Of course we shall not attempt in this place to estimate the value of his doctrines, nor do we propose to enter into that detailed account of his views without which we should run some risk of appearing to do them injustice. It is enough to say that they are unquestionably the result of careful and painstaking, if somewhat narrow, investigation, and of patient study.

We have three works on political science, none of them entirely without claim to attention. Mr. R. J. Wright, in his *Principia* ‡, undertakes to reconstruct not merely the basis of social science, but that of political society itself. His political order is to be founded on the aggregation of a multitude of Precincts or Communes, with a population ranging from that of a village to that of moderate-sized town. Each of these is to constitute itself, by force of social affinities and the attraction of like to like, of families in much the same state of moral advancement, intellectual education, refinement, and general social character; room is also to be made for societies of special tenets and tendencies—Teetotallers, Saints, Shakers, and Free-lovers; and each Precinct is to make its own laws for the maintenance of peace, the regulation of social morals, and so forth. This is the basis of the new Utopia; the general construction of the edifice, the details of each successive enlargement of the self-governing area and corresponding reduction of the powers of government, and the distribution of different functions among the different ruling bodies, we must leave the reader to study in the volume itself, where, if he has leisure to peruse some five hundred pages, printed with American solidity, and of the largest octavo size, he may find considerable amusement.

When Mr. Ellis Thompson tells us that his doctrines of Social Science and National Economy § are chiefly drawn from

* Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, 1874. Boston: Blackwell & Churchill. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

† *Storms: their Nature, Classification, and Laws. With the Means of predicting them by Means of their Embodiments—the Clouds.* By William Blasius, formerly Professor of the Natural Sciences in the Lyceum of Hanover. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Principia, or Basis of Social Science: being a Survey of the Subject from the Moral and Theological, yet Liberal and Progressive, Stand-point.* By R. J. Wright. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Social Science and National Economy.* By Robert Ellis Thompson, M.A., Professor of Social Science in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

the works of Mr. H. C. Carey, we know, as a matter of course, that we have to do with another of those utterly unsound economists who are growing rarer every decade, except in America; but, even so, we were hardly prepared to meet with an earnest argument against the modern system of credit, and a revival of the mercantile theory that the wealth of nations depends on the amount of gold and silver they can accumulate and retain, or to be told that the policy of England is founded on her desire to draw these treasures out of the possession of other nations, in order that she may remain the workshop of the world. For the crude absurdity that in commerce between the producers of raw material and the manufacturers of finished goods the former must always be the losers, Mr. Thompson himself, we fancy, is responsible. No one else would have assumed that the producer in each case pays the whole freight on his produce, without a shadow of reason for such an assumption; or would have enumerated the various casualties peculiar to agriculture as serving to put the cultivator at a disadvantage, as if the price of his goods were not in the long run calculated on the basis of his average yield, so that his customers rather than he pay the common losses of his business.

Mr. Butts's *Protection and Free Trade* * is a more valuable, as it is a smaller and less ambitious, book. The proof that Protection can do nothing but "diversify" industry, and that in the wrong direction, turning the capital and labour which could have produced wheat enough to buy ten tons of iron from England to produce directly five tons of iron in Pennsylvania, often as it has been reiterated in vain, has not often been much more clearly and tersely stated than here.

Mrs. Evans's *Abuse of Maternity* † deals with a very painful subject, which we have already noticed in these columns—the unwillingness of women in the Northern States, and especially in New England, with none of our Old World difficulties in maintaining a family, to become mothers. From a feminine point of view, and as regards the physical and moral harm these women are doing to themselves, she treats the question rightly and vigorously. But when she comes to other issues, and recommends her own remedies for supposed social wrongs and evils, she goes as far astray as those whom she denounces; and we fear that the general tendency of her book will be to do more harm than good. The whole value of her little volume consists in its testimony to the bitter repentance which almost invariably follows the error in question, and to the fact that repentance is almost invariably too late, the mischief lasting for life.

Mr. Dana tells the Geological Story ‡ briefly and clearly enough; but he has told it as well, or better, before. Some fancied necessity has induced him in this volume to reduce it to the formal divisions and intolerable tediousness of an American schoolbook; and even Mr. Dana's skill cannot emancipate him from the bondage of that style of writing, or make an American schoolbook other than detestable.

Mrs. Henry Field was a Frenchwoman by birth—the governess whose name was mentioned so prominently in the accounts of the fearful tragedy of the Duchess of Praslin. In the present volume § she describes some of the habits and institutions of France for the benefit of American readers; the charities of Paris being especially interesting, and their arrangements, cost, and operation told with admirable distinctness and brevity. The book is published since her death, with memoirs and notices in which the chief event of her life is either slurred over or entirely omitted.

One Summer || is a pretty and graceful story; *A Mad Marriage* ¶ a wild sensational novel; *The Rainbow Creed* ** a not very coherent medley; *Love Afloat* †† an American nautical story, not devoid of spirit. Paul Hayne develops into graceful verse, in the *Mountain of the Lovers* ‡‡, the legend of the lover who won his bride and lost his life by carrying her up a steep hill; and fills up the volume with a variety of lesser pieces, chiefly lyrical, in which, as in his *Legends and Lyrics*, §§ a certain want of rhythmical

* *Protection and Free Trade; an Inquiry whether Protective Duties can benefit the Interests of a Country in the Aggregate; including an Examination into the Nature of Value, and the Agency of the Natural Forces in producing it.* By Isaac Butts. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Abuse of Maternity.* By Elizabeth Edson Evans. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *The Geological Story briefly Told.* An Introduction to Geology for the General Reader and for Beginners in the Science. By James D. Dana, LL.D., Author of a "Manual of Geology," &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blackman, Taylor & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Home Sketches in France, and other Papers.* By the late Mrs. Henry M. Field. With some Notices of her Life and Character. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *One Summer.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *A Mad Marriage; a Novel.* By May Agnes Fleming, Author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife," &c. &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *The Rainbow Creed: a Story of the Times.* Boston: Gill & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Love Afloat: a Story of the American Navy.* By F. H. Sheppard, U.S.N. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *The Mountain of the Lovers; with Poems of Nature and Tradition.* By Paul H. Hayne. New York: Hale & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *Legends and Lyrics.* By Paul H. Hayne. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

care and correctness is not compensated by power of that high order in which we lose sight of rule and metre. Miss Larcom's *Idyl of Work* * is now and then verse, but remains nevertheless the more prosaic that it is not prose. *Exotics* † is a tiny volume of translations, mostly very brief, from Latin and German, and from the *Gulistan*; some of them of very considerable merit, and most of them of more than fair quality.

* *An Idyl of Work.* By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *Exotics: Attempts to Domesticate them.* By "J. F. C." and "L. C." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and REOPENED on the 8th of September, 1875. Visitors cannot be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of September, inclusive.

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

British Museum, August 25, 1875.

THE BYRON MEMORIAL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In answer to numerous inquiries as to the manner in which Donations of less than one guinea should be paid, I am directed to inform the Public that sums of less than one guinea should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, either by Post-office order payable at Charing Cross, or by Cheque Bank cheque. These Subscriptions will invariably be acknowledged.

RICHARD EDGCUMBE, Hon. Sec.

Grafton Club, W.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, Brighton, October 6 to 13.
President.—The Right Hon. Lord ABERDEEN. President of Committees.—I. J. JURIDENCE and Law Amendment.—The Hon. Sir Edward CECIL, Ex-Chief Justice of Ceylon. Chairman of the Committee on Crime.—The Hon. Sir Edward COOPER, M.P. Vice-Chairman.—W. Richardson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S. Council.—G. W. Hastings, Esq., Chairman of Revision of Crime Section.—Lieut.-General E. F. DUCANE, C.B., R.E., Chairman of Board of Directors of Convict Prisons. Prospects and information may be obtained at the Office of the Congress, Brighton, or 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C. C. W. RYALLS, General Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE—LADIES' DIVISION.—The Sixteenth Session will OPEN on Wednesday, October 13.

Water-Colour.—Painting, Landscape, Architectural, Water-Colour Painting (Figure, Life, &c.), Drawing (Figure, Antique, &c.), Modelling in Clay, Painting in Oils (Figure, Landscapes, &c.), French Language and Literature, German Language and Literature, Italian Language and Literature, Latin, History, including History of Art, Physical Geography, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, Botany, Experimental Chemistry, of Materials, Sewing Playing, Organ, Harmony and Composition, Singing, Cooking and Domestic Economy, Dancing, Artistic Carving in Wood. A Register is kept of Private Houses in the neighbourhood of the Palace whereat Ladies from a distance can be Lodged and Boarded on satisfactory terms. Prospects on application to the undersigned, in the Office of the School, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

By Order of the Committee,

K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences in October. The Introductory Address will be given by THOMAS STEVENSON, Esq., M.D., on Friday, October 1, at Two o'clock.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Consulting Physicians.—Sir W. Gull, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; G. Owen Rees, M.D., F.R.S. Physicians.—S. O. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D., F.R.S.; F. W. Paye, M.D., F.R.S.; J. W. Moxon, M.D. Assistant Physicians.—C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.; P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D.; Frederick Taylor, M.D. Consulting Surgeons.—J. Hilton, Esq., F.R.S.; E. Cock, Esq. Surgeons.—J. Cooper Forster, Esq.; Thomas Bryant, Esq.; Arthur E. Durham, Esq.; H. G. Howe, M.S. Assistant Surgeons.—N. Davies-Colley, M.C.; R. Clement Lucas, B.S.; C. H. Golding-Bird, Esq. Consulting Obstetric Physician.—Henry Oldham, M.D. Obstetric Physician.—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S. Assistant-Obstetric Physician.—C. L. Galabin, M.D. Ophthalmic Surgeon.—C. Bader, Esq. Assistant-Ophthalmic Surgeon.—C. Higgins, Esq. Surgeon-Dentist.—S. J. A. Salter, M.B., F.R.S. Assistant-Surgeon-Dentist.—C. M. Est. Surgeon-Surgeon.—W. M. Hawe, M.R.C.S. Medical Registrar.—Frederick Taylor, M.D.; J. P. Goodhart, M.D. Surgical Registrar.—Frederick Durham, Esq. Apothecary.—James Stocker, Esq.

The Hospital now contains 990 Beds. Of these 250 are for Medical Cases, 150 for Surgical Cases, 100 for Diseases of Women; 40 for Syphilis, and 50 for Ophthalmic Cases. There are also 100 Children's Cots, and 60 Reserve Beds, with 8 in private rooms.

In connection with the Lying-in Charity, about 2,500 Cases are annually attended by the Students.

Number of Patients relieved during the year, about 91,600.

LECTURES, DEMONSTRATIONS, AND PRACTICAL COURSES.

Medical—Dr. Habershon and Dr. Wilks. Clinical Medicine.—Dr. Habershon, Dr. Wilks, Dr. Paye, and Dr. Moxon. Surgery.—Mr. Bryant and Mr. Arthur E. Durham. Clinical Surgery.—Mr. Forster, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Durham, and Mr. Howe. Clinical Lectures on Midwifery and Diseases of Women.—Dr. Braxton Hicks. Morbid Anatomy.—Dr. Hilton Fagge and Dr. Goodhart. Cutaneous Diseases.—Dr. Taylor. Anatomy (Descriptive and Surgical).—Mr. Howe and Mr. Davies-Colley. Practical Anatomy.—C. M. Est. Mr. Golding-Bird, and Mr. Jacobson. Physiologist and General Anatomy.—Dr. Paye and Dr. Pye-Smith. Practical Physiology.—Dr. Pye-Smith.

Chemistry.—Dr. Debus and Dr. Stevenson.

Experimental Physiology.—Mr. A. W. Moxon.

Practical Medicine.—Instruction will be given in the Hospital Dispensary.

Clinical Lectures in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, weekly. Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and of the College of Surgeons.

The Museum of Anatomy, Pathology, and Comparative Anatomy (Curator, Dr. Fagge), contains 11,000 Specimens, 4,500 Drawings and Diagrams, an unique collection of Anatomical Models, and a Series of 600 Models of Skin Diseases.

Appointments.—The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants and Dressers are selected from the Students according to merit and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior Appointments, every part of the Hospital practice being systematically employed for distribution.

Prizes.—Two Entrance Scholarships, one of £50 and the other of £30 are awarded in October to first year's Students for proficiency in Classics and Mathematics, Modern Languages, Botany, Physics, and Chemistry.

Prizes, varying in value from £10 to £50 each, are awarded at the close of each

Summer Session for general proficiency.

Two Gold Medals are annually given by the Treasurer—one in Medicine, and one in Surgery.

Students desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their Education and Conduct.

Fees.—The payment of One Hundred Guineas in one sum on entrance, or in two moieties, at the commencement of the first Winter and of the following Summer Session, entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket.

Payments may be made by instalments at the commencement of each sessional year, as follows:

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Several of the Lecturers have Vacancies for Resident Private Pupils.

For further information apply to the Dame, Dr. F. Taylor, or the Secretary, Mr. STOCKER.

Guy's Hospital, July 1875.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1875 and 1876 will COMMENCE on Friday, October 1, 1875, on which occasion an ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. PAYNE, at Three o'clock.

Gentlemen entering have the option of paying £40 for the First year, a similar sum for the Second, £30 for the Third, and £10 for each succeeding year; or, by paying £100 at once, of becoming Perpetual Students.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Honorary Consulting Physicians.—Dr. Barker and Dr. J. Rison Bennett. Honorary Consulting Surgeon.—Mr. Frederick Le Gros Clark.

Physicians.—Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristow, Dr. Murchison, Dr. Stone.

Obstetric Physician.—Dr. Gervis.

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Ophthalmic Surgeon.—Mr. Liebreich.

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Assistant-Surgeons.—Mr. J. B. Bunting, Dr. Conroy.

Assistant-Surgeon.—Mr. F. Mason, Mr. Henry Arnott, Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe.

Medical Surgeon.—Mr. J. W. Elliott.

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Resident Assistant-Surgeon.—Mr. McKeever.

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LECTURERS.

Medicine.—Dr. Peacock and Dr. Murchison. Surgery.—Mr. Sydney Jones and Mr. MacCormac. General Pathology.—Dr. Bristow. Clinical and Practical Physiology.—Dr. Ord and Mr. John Harley. Descriptive Anatomy.—Mr. Francis Mason and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Anatomical Demonstrations in the Dissecting-Room.—The Anatomical Lecturers, Dr. R. W. Reid, and Assistants. Special Anatomy and Microscopic Demonstrations.—Mr. Rainey. Practical and Descriptive Surgery.—Mr. Croft and Mr. MacCormac. Chemistry and Practical Anatomy.—Dr. J. B. Bunting. Histology.—Dr. G. G. Gerow. General and Material Physiology.—Dr. Stone. Comparative Anatomy.—Mr. C. Stewart. Ophthalmic Surgery.—Mr. Liebreich. Botany.—Mr. A. W. Bennett. Dental Surgery.—Mr. J. W. Elliott and Mr. W. G. Ranger. Demonstrations of Morbid Anatomy.—Dr. Greenfield. Lectures on Morbid Anatomy and Practical Pathology.—Mr. H. Arnott and Dr. Greenfield. Mental Diseases.—Dr. Wm. Rhys Williams.

T. B. PEACOCK, M.D., Deam.

R. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

Any further information required will be afforded by Mr. WHITFIELD.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. SESSION 1875-76.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on Monday, October 4, INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at 3 P.M., by Professor CORFIELD, M.A., M.D.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS (including the Department of the Fine Arts) will begin on Tuesday, October 5, INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at 3 P.M., by professor ALEX. W. B. KENNEDY, C.E., INTRODUCTORY LECTURE for the DEPARTMENT of FINE ARTS on the same day, at 4.30 P.M., by Professor E. J. POYNTER, A.R.A.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of SCIENCE (including the Department of the Applied Sciences) will begin on Tuesday, October 5.

The SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, September 21.

Prospectuses of the various Departments of the College, containing full information respecting Classes, Fees, Days and Hours of Attendance, &c., and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students of the several Faculties, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Exhibitions, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws, and of Science), will be held at the College on the 28th and 29th of September.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Terminus of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

August 1875.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

M A L V E R N C O L L E G E. The NEXT TERM commences on Monday, September 20.

D O V E R C O L L E G E. President.—The Right Hon. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

Head-Master.—The Rev. W.M. BELL, M.A., late Scholar of Ch. Coll., Cambridge.

A liberal education by Graduates of the Universities.

Tuition Fees, from Ten to Fifteen Guineas per annum. Board in the Head-Master's House, £10 per annum.

The College will RE-OPEN on September 14.

Apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the HONORARY SECRETARY.

WOLLASTON KNOCKER, Esq., Town Clerk.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE comprises Classical, Modern, and Junior Schools.—The NEXT TERM commences September 15.—Apply to the Rev. J. WOOD, M.A., Head-Master; late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

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The TERM COMMENCES on the 15th of September for Boarders, on the 16th for Day Students.

Instruction is given by Professors in Literature, Science, and Art. English and Foreign Governesses reside in the College. The Senior Classes are open to "Occasional" Students who may be desirous of taking up any given subject.

For particulars, application should be made to the Lady Principal (Miss DANIELS), Polygon House, Southampton.

W. C. MACLEAN, M.D., C.B., Hon. Secretary.

PANGBOURNE, Berks.—The VICAR (M.A. Oxon) of a very small Parish near Pangbourne receives TWELVE PUPILS under Fourteen. Resident Tutor. Large house in hill ground. Two Pupils hold Scholarships at Public Schools.—Address, Rev. G. S. P., Post-Office, Reading.

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PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A PREPARATORY SCHOOL will be OPENED in September, in the neighbourhood of REPTON, by G. S. MESSITER, M.A.—For further particulars address, Willington House, Willington-on-Trent.

DURHAM HOUSE, FOLKESTONE.—Next Term will begin on September 16. Thirty BOYS prepared for the Public Schools by Rev. A. L. HUSSEY, M.A., Ch. Ch. Oxford.

ARMY DIRECT, WOOLWICH, CONTROL, &c.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Wm. Camb.), who has passed over 300 for the above Examinations, occasionally has VACANCIES. The best assistance in Sciences, Languages, &c.—Ealing, W.

PRIVATE TUITION, SCARBOROUGH.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, of twenty years' experience in Tuition, receives NINE PUPILS, under Fifteen years of age, and gives them his whole care and attention. Fees from 20 Guineas.

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A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, who has had considerable experience in Tuition, and is now preparing the son of a General and the son of a Minister of the Foreign Office for the Army, is anxious to meet with Two or Three PUPILS of good English Families, to whom he will devote his whole attention. The Pupils have peculiar advantages, and there are great advantages for acquiring the French language.—For further particulars, address, M. A. BODART, 33 rue du Prince Albert, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

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Guy's Hospital, July 1875.